

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
ANTHONY LEGER, Esq;



1507/1345.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
ANTHONY LEGER, Esq;
OR, THE
MAN OF SHIFTS.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

— See where he comes
Who has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend
And worn it into Vileness!
With how secure a Brow and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain!

Dryden.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by T. WILKINS, Aldermanbury.
Sold also by J. BEW, Paternoster-Row; and
T. HOOKHAM, New Bond-Street.
MDCCLXXXIX.



CONTENTS.

C H A P. I.

*Account of Anthony Leger's Parents—
Education—early shews himself good at
a Shift—Remarks on Memory—Liars
ought to have a good one.*

C H A P. II.

*Leger articulated as an Attorney's Clerk—gives
his Master great Satisfaction by his Atten-
tion to Business—is very sensible of his
superior Abilities—gives a Specimen of
them.*

C H A P. III.

*Ends his Clerkship and leaves his Master
something to remember him—is employed
by Mr. Norton---enjoys a good Salary.*

vi CONTENTS.

C H A P. IV.

Leger in the Heyday of the Blood—his Exploits, with his Shift to avoid the Consequences—aspires to higher Stations in the Law—recommends Edwards to Norton—has no Thanks.

C H A P. V.

Leger enters himself of Furnivals Inn, and reads Law—spends his Evenings in a more rational Manner—Traits of his Companions—and Nature of their Entertainments—Lorrimer's Journey.

C H A P. VI.

Relation of Lorrimer's Journey, continued.

C H A P. VII.

Leger called to the Bar—figures away as a Counsellor—his Eloquence described—seduces Clarinda.

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S. vii

C H A P. VIII.

*Leger fails of rising in his Profession—
forms the Design of going to India—
Dilemma while deliberating—curious
Method of Relief.*

C H A P. IX.

*Determines for India—Clarinda's Attach-
ment—Tour through France to Italy—
Acquaintance with Signor Barrett—Sails
for Alexandria.*

C H A P. X.

*Dialogue with a Priest—Arrival at Alexan-
dria—Payment of the Passage—Voyage
up the Nile to Cairo.*

C H A P. XI.

*Description of the Beys—Our Travellers
detained, and expect to lose their Heads—
Have Leave to depart—Kindness of Mo-
ses*

*ses Ozias—Journey through the Desert
to Suez.*

C H A P. XII.

*Agrees with Fogard for a Passage to Pondicherry—Letters of Credit—Use of them
—Company and Conversation on Board
—Story of Capt. Williamson.*

C H A P. XIII.

The Story of Capt. Williamson, continued.

C H A P. XIV.

Story of Capt. Williamson, continued.

C H A P. XV.

Story of Mr. Dermott.—Remarkable Account of a Highwayman.

C H A P. XVI.

The Story of Dermott, continued.

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S. ix

C H A P. XVII.

Fogard's Villany.—Captivity in Hyder Ally's Country.—Account of that Prince.
—Arrival at Madras.

C H A P. XVIII.

Duel between Leger and Burrell—Arrival at Calcutta—Chastises a Brother Lawyer
—Connection with Bastion.

C H A P. XIX.

The Printer—The Zenanah—Parts with Clarinda—Leaves Calcutta—Goes to the West-Indies—Story of Mr. Jacob Powell.

C H A P. XX.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

C H A P. XXI.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

C H A P.

x C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XXII.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

C H A P. XXIII.

Conversation on the Management of Negroes.

C H A P. XXIV.

C H A P. XXV.

*Insurrection of the Negroes—Peril of
Mrs. Powell.*



INTRO

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN memoirs of an illustrious personage are published to the world, we expect to be entertained and edified with a detail of great and good qualities, exemplified in great and good actions: We expect to see the Hero adorned with many, if not with every virtue; and that his actions, as to the tenor of them, should bear an appearance of magnificence. Such a History is very pleasing, because it presents to our minds, images which they approve; if therefore we reap no great advantage by our reading, in point of science, we reap considerable benefit, beside the entertainment we receive, in being excited to be emulous of that which is great and good, and despisers of that which is little and mean.

Historians of all ages have wrote with a view to this, and as the mind is most forcibly struck with the great and marvellous, they have mostly confined themselves to characters of that description, and seldom touched on their opposites. Our modern Novels indeed do sometimes present us with nefarious characters, that we may hate and avoid them; but they have seldom been brought down to common life and its occurrences, so as to be of extensive usefulness.

Leger

xii INTRODUCTION.

Leger is presented to the public not as a Hero, but a Scoundrel: the public therefore will not expect a detail of great and good actions, but on the contrary, a detail of little, mean and tricking actions, exemplifying a character, to be at once detested and feared. Our Hero, (for we shall use the term in its accommodated sense) will be met with only in the common walks of life; that the exhibition of him may be of the most general use and caution; for a *Man of Shifts* is a Free-Booter, who serves himself of all he can, wherever he comes.

It has been objected to memoirs of the following kind, that they have a pernicious tendency to instill bad principles, and instruct in bad practices. It was said of the Beggar's Opera, that it abundantly propagated the characters it exhibited.

Whether this assertion be founded on truth or falsehood, is not our present business to discuss; but if any little masters did really affect to be Macheaths, or any little misses affected to be Polly Peachums, and Lucy Lockits, we believe none will affect to be a Leger, but such as are naturally inclined to trickishness, or through great imprudence are drove to their Shifts: Should any of these improve in their detestable science by what is here related, it is hoped the disadvantage to society will be more than counterbalanced, by exposing their artifices. With this apology we proceed to our History.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
ANTHONY LEGER, Esq.

C H A P T E R I.

*Account of ANTHONY LEGER's Parents —
Education—early shews himself good at
a Shift—Remarks on Memory—Liars
ought to have a good one.*

SOMEWHERE in England, no matter where, perhaps in the County of Lancaster, because it is famous for Witches and Papists, lived a Gentleman, who indeed was no conjuror, but a simple Roman Catholic; and the good Lady his wife, who merited canonization for

2 ADVENTURES OF

the great zeal she had for the Church. This gentleman was possessed of a moderate fortune, but such was his conviviality, that he made a shift to consume it, and die insolvent ; however, not before providence had blessed him with a Son, and he had seen him properly educated for the line of life he had marked out for him ; but with this only portion, his education, he was, at the death of his father, cast upon the world, and put to his shifts.

The education of Anthony Leger, for this is the name of our man of shifts, was superintended from his earliest infancy until he went to school, by his pious mother ; whose highest ambition for her son, was to see him partake of the sacrament of orders. She therefore spared no pains to inspire him with the deepest reverence for the Holy Roman Church, and an inveterate hatred to all Heretics.



As

ANTHONY LEGER. 3

As soon as he was able to hold a taper or swing a censer, he was made an Acolyte, and began to serve at Mass: in this service he profited so amazingly for his years, that it did the old lady's heart good to hear him so readily make the responses, and see him so perfectly perform all the manœuvres of his office.

At nine years of age his good mother thought it time to send him to confession, he was accordingly committed to the direction of the holy man, who guided her conscience. The first time he approached the confessional, he was much disconcerted himself, and as much disappointed his ghostly father: He was asked what sins he had committed? he recollected none, for his mother had never instructed him in the nature of moral good and evil; and as he had under her direction, mechanically told his beads, and repeated his orisons at their proper times of performance, his conscience

B 2

felt

4 ADVENTURES OF

felt no want of disburthening to the priest.

He could indeed recollect some instances of his natural trickishness, but these he thought did not concern the holy Father's office, as he himself did not think them sinful; nor indeed could he, were we to admit the usefulness of the holy father's office, as they related only to the concerns of children of his own age, and were below the dignity and gravity of ecclesiastic censure.

The father was disappointed, for he expected his penitent would have been as expert at confession as at serving at mass; but finding himself mistaken, he made the best of the matter, and by pumping and sifting him, got at a few of his childish trifling errors, enjoined him penances as trifling, and pronounced his absolution.

This examination was not lost upon young Leger; a disposition naturally artful, and which had operated hitherto chiefly

ANTHONY LEGER. 5

chiefly among children, now extended its operations to the priest. He was never after at a loss for something to say to a man that would have something said to him; but he had always the discretion to say such things as were not matter of secrecy with him, and to conceal those which were: Thus while the priest thought he knew the whole state of his penitent's soul, he knew little more of it than the man in the moon.

Leger's father, though a Roman Catholic, was not so rigid a Bigot as his mother; his convivial disposition led him to associate with his heretic neighbours, he was often very happy in drinking and conversing with them; he found among them, benevolent, just, and generous persons, men whose hearts melted at another's wo, and whose lips and hands, administered the balm of consolation. He could not bring himself to think that God Almighty would destroy such persons, in whose company

6 ADVENTURES OF

he enjoyed so much pleasure, and in whom he perceived so many good properties, merely because they were not catholics. She, good woman, would have doomed to hell an angel of heaven, for disputing the Pope's supremacy.

This couple formed a contrast of the operations of the human mind, as it is subject or rises superior to the dominion of superstition. The man's benevolence arose from the feelings of his heart, which dilate itself to rejoice in the agreeables he met with among his species; from his own benevolence, he inferred the benevolence of his Creator, and more than half believed that many persons called heretics by the church, and doomed to perdition, were deserving of a better fate, and from the goodness of their Creator would meet a better.

This little incident adds its mite to the mass of evidence arising from numberless instances, that the dimunition of the influence of priestcraft, is the blessing
of.

ANTHONY LEGER. 7

of mankind : For mankind in general would love one another better than they do, if their priests would let them, because they would judge of one another by excellence of character, rather than difference of faith : but when priests put out the eyes of the understanding, and rob the heart of its finest feelings of benevolence—they act as enemies to the peace and welfare of their species, which is founded in their love of one another.

The father of Leger, was very fond of his son, and shewed that fondness in the most rational way, not by indulging his appetites, but by improving his understanding. He commenced his tutor as soon as the opening of his mind made room for his office, and treated his pupil with such a rational tenderness and friendship, that he in return, loved his parent and preceptor, with the unfeigned affection of a friend : Through all his life he used to speak of him with reverence, and though in his distresses he of-

8 ADVENTURES OF

ten severely felt the loss of his paternal inheritance, he never dropped a word which reflected blame on him who squandered it away.

His father among other things taught him his own benevolent sentiments of those who differed from him in religious opinions, and thereby counteracted the bigoted instructions of his mother; and as his disposition was naturally social and kind, there was no difficulty in succeeding. As his mind continued opening to knowledge, he examined those religious principles his mother had taught him, and either from conviction of their erroneous nature, or from disliking their restraints, or perhaps both these in their measure, he ventured to dispute with her about them, and to declare his dislike and disbelief of them: this had such an effect upon her, that she heartily consigned both father and son to the devil, and continued to hate them ever after.

Our

ANTHONY LEGER. 9

Our Hero has hitherto appeared only as under the tuition of his parents: he had beside, the instructions of a school-master, to lead him through his scholastic exercises, for with these his father meddled not. His pedagogue was the most eminent of that order in the vicinity, who had by his labours in educating youth, gained considerable eclat in that part of the country: he was grown in years, and the faculties of the mind, and the organs of the body considerably impaired, his hearing especially had much failed him.

To the care of this good man our Hero was consigned, with a charge to spare no pains in his education, and with a promise of ample rewards for his industry. Leger had the advantage of good natural parts, he learned with great facility every thing he bent his mind to, and his father was very desirous those good parts should be properly cultivated, and his son make a shining scholar.

10 ADVENTURES OF

The master did all he could to put his pupil forward, a design which Leger seemed to coincide with heartily, for he was emulous of the honour of being thought a great scholar; yet easy as learning was to him, he was too lazy to make that little application which was necessary to attain it, for dilitariness and procrastination were interwoven with his constitution: To obtain therefore the praises of his parent and his tutor, he had recourse to an ingenious stragem which fully answered his end, being never suspected.

His master's deafness, and the common mode of boys pronouncing their lessons memoriter, furnished him with the means; and thus he managed it. He measured with exactness the distance from the throne in which he could hear another boy articulate in a moderate tone of voice, being certain his master could not hear so far: at this precise point he placed his prompter, who appeared

ANTHONY LEGER. 11

peared to the master, to sit there by accident; this boy, with an open book in his hand, seemed diligently conning his own lesson; but in reality, was prompting Leger, who stood before the throne, and repeated like a prodigy of learning, what he had scarcely troubled his head about. The master was filled with astonishment at the progress his pupil made, loaded him with caresses and praises, and made such honourable report of him to his father, that he in his turn was transported with joy.

Our Hero thus obtained what he sought, an established reputation with his father and his master, of being the first boy in the school; which, added to his success with his confessor, determined him in all future emergencies, never to be at a loss for a *shift*.

Memory is an invaluable blessing, some possess it naturally in a very eminent degree, but like all the other faculties of the mind, it requires cultivation and ex-

ercise, and is capable of amazing improvement in those who possess it in the highest natural degree, and may be greatly assisted and strengthened in those who possess it in the lowest; habitual forgetfulness is therefore inexcusable in all persons, whose minds are not impaired by disease, trouble, or age: allowing therefore for possible variation in memories, arising from natural constitutions, we may venture, without breach of charity, to pronounce those persons whose memories are like a sieve, culpably inattentive. Leger's memory was very retentive, so that whatever he learned was his own for ever; and as he grew older he grew wiser, and applied himself to his studies in so proper a manner, that when he was taken from school, he was found to have sufficiently profited, upon the whole, by his being there.

There is an old proverb which says liars ought to have a good memory: The truth of this adage is obvious, for

as liars mean nothing less than detection, they ought to be very careful of self-contradiction—in this business our Hero was not quite so happy; always ready at a *shift*, he was always ready at a lye, but whether it was owing to inattention, or to the numerous falsehoods he uttered, being too many for a memory strong even as his; so it was, that through all his life he was subject to detection, and his word with those who knew him was *not worth a groat*.

C H A P. II.

Leger articulated as an Attorney's Clerk—gives his Master great Satisfaction by his Attention to Business—is very sensible of his superior Abilities—gives a Specimen of them.

L EGER having finished his school education, his father began seriously to think how to dispose of him to the best advantage: he loved his friend and bottle, but he loved his son also; he wished therefore to settle him in a way of life, in which he might least feel the disadvantages of want of fortune, as the friend and bottle had precluded all hopes of bestowing upon him more than his education. The matter to be considered, was how to make that turn to the best account.

He accordingly studied the boy's disposition, and consulted his inclinations:

tions: With respect to the former, he saw that he was resolute and bold, sly and insinuating, quick at invention, and steady in perseverance; properties, which he considered as an excellent groundwork for the practice of the law. On this therefore he determined, if it should meet with the approbation of his son: He consulted him on the subject, and was peculiarly happy to find his inclinations perfectly coincide with his own wishes.

His mother we have observed, had formed the hope to see him wear the tonsure: the wish sprang from religious zeal, and the intention was strengthened by her worldly prudence. She saw her husband's fortune going to wreck, and no provision likely to be made for her son; in this way she believed he would be provided for effectually, his salvation secured, and his worldly emolument certain. Her pleasing prospects had however been greatly clouded, nay, nearly obli-

16 ADVENTURES OF

obliterated by his not only imbibing sentiments of moderation from his father, but by his also boldly disputing with her, the doctrines and authority of the Church of Rome.

The present moment, the moment in which his future line of life was to be decidedly marked, awakened her long dormant wish, and excited her to make one effort more, to save her son from the perdition of Heretics.

This effort was to have him sent to Douay, to study divinity, and take orders: To gain this desirable object, she exerted her utmost powers with both father and son. “I am grieved, said she, to the former, for the mischief you have done this poor boy’s soul: You have taught him to believe that heretics may be saved, and he has taken the boldness from thence, to become a heretic himself; he has dared to dispute with me, the tenets of our holy religion, and deride its mysteries: Let me beseech

seech you to send him to Douay, where the labours of holy men, through the grace of God and the Virgin, may recover him from his wicked errors, and restore him to the bosom of the church by penance and prayer."

Thus pleaded the good woman with her husband, while he, unwilling to enter into contention with her, and to stand the thunder of her tongue, which he feared more than the thunders of the Church, should he provoke her by refusal, seemingly referred it to his son's inclination.

She accordingly begun her operation with him, not by direct attack, as she had done by her husband, but she approached by sap: She was all gentleness and affection, shewed a growing fondness for his company and conversation, and in their *tete a tetes*, gradually introduced the subject by eulogiums on the true Church, the number of its saints, the dignity and glory

of

18 ADVENTURES OF

of their character, and that they were mostly of the clerical order.

Leger, though he cared not a fig for the church, and had too much sense to be edified with her legendary tales about canonised monastics, was willing to keep on terms of civility with his mother, for the sake of domestic quiet; he therefore humoured her, by listening to her conversations, and never refused her his company; he saw her drift, but being well satisfied in his father's intention, would not seem to see. Pleased with his readiness to give her his company, she imagined she was making great progress towards carrying her point and proceeded with pleasing hope, till she thought it a fit time to break her purpose to him.

“Son,” said she, to him one day in conversation of this kind, “How happy should I be to see my dear boy in the way to add to the number of these glorious luminaries of our church, and who
knows

knows, (for England has produced a great many saints) but you may be one: I have formed the plan, you shall finish your education by studying divinity in the English College, at Douay, and then enter into holy orders; and may God and his saints, grant their most blessed influence, that you may minister at their alters with growing sanctity, till the church, apprised of the greatness thereof, shall, as the reward of merit, put your name in the calendar."

"Make *me* a priest! a saint!—put *my* name in the calendar!—Indeed madam, I have not the least ambition for the honours you intend me."—"You surprise me, son, I hoped the glorious examples I had set before you, had so emulated your mind, that you would have rejoiced in my proposal."—"Not in the least, madam, I have no emulation for the priesthood—I have less for the saintship—if I must be a man of *shifts*, as I perceive I must, from my father's

20 ADVENTURES OF

father's want of fortune, I had rather pursue a track of knavery, without the labour of wearing the sanctimonious mask of hypocrisy."

"Wicked wretch! how dare you call the holiest and most honourable of all orders a track of knavery, and the most blessed and happy of all states, Hypocrisy! This comes of your charity for heretics, they have poisoned your mind and ruined your soul, by their wicked heresies—this is the blessedness of your father's instructions! oh, that you had hearkened to me, I should have saved my son from the flames of Hell!"

"Flames of Hell, madam! because I will not be a priest and a saint!"—

"No, sir, but because you *call* priests and saints *hypocrites* and *knaves*."—

"Really madam, I cannot help it; circumstances lead me to think so with very few exceptions; the nature of their office, and the genius of *your* religion, naturally lead to it."—"My religion!—

Wretch!

Wretch! then it is not *your* religion—
you have renounced it have you?”—

“Yes, madam, because it renounces all charity and good-will for those who cannot believe all its absurdities, and will not practise all its fooleries.”

“Absurdities! fooleries! God, give me patience! cursed heretic—I renounce thee for ever, and shall ever think it my duty to pray for thy confusion; I give thee up to the just judgment and curse of God, as the due reward of thy wicked errors.”—With many more bitter invectives, she dropped the subject, and left him to be disposed of by his father, and both of them by the devil.

His father provided a master for him in the vicinity of Clare-Market, an attorney of considerable practice, being in great repute for his knowledge of the legal chicanery. Our hero came up to town, was articled for the usual term, and entered upon business.

We

22 ADVENTURES OF

We have observed before, that he had good natural parts, he was also much prejudiced in favour of the law, so that his application to business, was a pleasure rather than a labour, and his profiting was in proportion.

His master, whom we shall call Mr. Capel, soon found his advantage was considerable in the possession of such a servant, he therefore spared no pains to put him forward, and in less than half his term, made him as good a lawyer as himself. Our hero's diligence and assiduity gave Capel great satisfaction, and such was his opinion of, and confidence in him, that he frequently left the whole care and conduct of his business to him for several days at a time, while himself went into the country for relaxation.

Our hero, who never had a mean opinion of himself, felt himself much gratified by his master's confidence, mounted considerably in his own estimation, and
left

left, or *imagined* he left his master far beneath himself in the qualifications of a good attorney.

Capel was single, advanced in years, had never been an adonis in his person, which now by reason of age, was nothing short of ugliness: He had the vanity however to imagine himself capable of pleasing, and formed the idea of amusing himself with Florella, a young creature who lived with him in quality of house maid. Leger observed the many amorous glances Capel cast at Florella; he at once took the hint, and as he believed himself his superior in law, was determined to be so in love. Florella soon perceived her situation, and laid her plan of procedure accordingly. Leger was young, sprightly, bold and intriguing; him she encouraged from inclination. Capel, though old and ugly, was rich, and though rapacious and avaritious as any other limb of the law, as easily to be managed by an artful coquet,

24 ADVENTURES OF

coquet, as any other old fool in a similar situation: But as lovers like Capel, are usually jealous, he must be managed so as not to perceive he had a rival in his clerk. She therefore met the advances of Leger at once, and in conjunction with him, formed her plan for imposing on her old lover, which was, when under his eye, to live in a state of continual warfare and seeming disgust.

With Capel, she was modest, meek, and humble; she could not understand the language of his eyes until his tongue explained it, and then her delicacy and modesty were so exceedingly shocked, it was impossible for her to stay in a place where her virtue had been insulted. Capel could not bear to let her depart so abruptly, as the cause of it being known would bring a slur upon his reputation; intreaties and bribes were then used, and they prevailed upon her, (though with seeming reluctance) to

con-

continue with him. This incident convinced him that gold has powerful charms with the sex, and led him to think that possibly all virtuous as she was, as bribes had prevailed on her to stay where her virtue had been insulted, they might prevail for further favours.

This was the tract into which Florella wish'd to draw him, and after standing it out a decent time, she at last yielded to his merit and generosity. Nothing now remained but for Leger and she to solace themselves together, and divide the old man's spoils, which afforded our hero a comfortable supply for his expences, and enabled him to flutter about like a smart young fellow.

C H A P. III.

Ends his Clerkship and leaves his Master something to remember him—is employed by Mr. Norton—enjoys a good Salary.

THE tribes of profligacy and rapine have a proverb among them, with which they encourage themselves and one another in their unhappy courses;—“A short life and a merry one,” say they, and the adage is true almost universally, as to the shortness of life, and invariably, as to the shortness of its merriment; our inamoratoes found it so. Leger and Florella lived merrily on the spoils of Capel, who continued to pay exorbitantly for those favours of Florella, which were lavished on Leger to satiety, together with the greatest part of the plunder.

In this state of things, the time for which he was articulated expired, and he
of

of course must have changed his situation, but two things concurred to continue him in it. His father had lately paid the debt of nature, but had left such a number of other debts unpaid, that his effects when divided among his creditors amounted to a very small proportion for each of them, and Leger and his mother were left to shift for themselves. Thus circumstanced, the ease and affluence of his present situation was doubly valuable. On the other hand, he was so useful and necessary to Capel in his practice, that not having the least idea of his connection with Florella, he determined to retain him in his service, and even formed designs much to his advantage in future life.

These pleasing prospects were of short continuance, occurrences of a very disagreeable nature took place, which developed this tripartite amour, by detecting Leger and Florella, and mor-

28 ADVENTURES OF

tifyingly punishing Capel. Our hero had wandered among the impures in the hundreds of Drury: *he* had contaminated Florella, and *she* Capel.

The latter in the bitterest terms reproached his dulcinea, and she to avoid the imputation of common prostitution, and to be revenged of Leger, confessed the whole of that scene of deception and rapine they had carried on against him. Rage, indignation, shame, confusion, every tormenting sensation, overwhelmed Capel. His own folly and their ingratitude, stung him almost to madness, and could he have found Leger during the paroxysm, he had better have met a lion, or a bear bereaved of her whelps. Leger foresaw the storm in time, and prudently retired. Florella's tears and intreaties for pardon were in vain, she was abandoned to disease and wretchedness, and Capel betook himself to repentance and Leake's pills.

Norton

Norton, another of the legal tribe, was eminent and extensive in his practice; his office contained many clerks who laboured hard the whole day: enter it when you would, you beheld a constant hurry of business, and you would be led to conclude that law here went on very expeditiously: Alas! how appearances deceive! nothing in the world could be more remote from their employment. They were writing for Norton, who so well understood his business, that he led every client he had, the long trot of the law; and such was his attachment to his friends, that having once connected themselves with him, he never forsook them or their heirs, while any property remained. Thrice happy and blessed was the man, who having occasion for law, escaped the perdition of going into his office, "a bourn from which no traveller returned," unless to lament his misfortune, that his money being gone,

the Clerks of Norton could fill no more skins of parchment upon his account.

Leger had contracted some acquaintance with Norton at a coffee-house, frequented by gentlemen of the law; at this place he met with him soon after the fracas we have related, and being certain Capel would not declare the true cause of their separation, he ventured to tell his tale his own way. He accused Capel of the most wretched parsimony towards him, both in board and wages; of very unreasonable requirements as to labour, and of great moroseness and ill-nature. He extolled his own abilities, and depreciated those of his former employer, and pretended that he quitted Capel because neither his honour nor his ease would permit his continuance.

Norton had long considered Leger as the duplicate of himself; he was rejoiced to find him disengaged from his
former

ANTHONY LEGER. 31

former master; he placed him at the head of his own office, and allowed him a salary of two hundred pounds a year. Both parties were much pleased with this junction; Norton, that he had now an opportunity of much relaxation from the toils of business, and his super-clerk that he was comfortably provided for, and his pride gratified by his delegated dominion and authority over others.

C H A P. IV.

Leger in the Heyday of the Blood—his Exploits, with his Shift to avoid the Consequences—aspires to higher Stations in the Law—recommends Edwards to Norton—has no Thanks.

WE began the last chapter with a proverb—there will be no harm done, if we begin this with another—“Give the devil his due,” is a saying founded in common justice, for there is no character however strongly marked with evil, that has not in it some traces of good. Leger, being appointed the vicegerent of Norton, used his power in such a manner as gained the respect and esteem of his subordinates; he was good-natured, affable and gentle among them, he adjusted their labours to their several abilities, preferred no complaints a-
gainst

gainst any to their employer, but rectified their faults, and supplied their deficiencies himself: he hated slothfulness, and by his own example of diligence, banished it from the office; the result was the happiness and satisfaction of the employer and the employed.

How happy would it be for mankind, in the several subordinancies of life, if those who govern others, were more generally in this respect like our Hero; but so it happens, (we will not here investigate the causes,) that authority and tyranny are almost always inseparable, and has a just judgment: it also follows, that the disadvantage of the tyrant, is in proportion to the misery and disgust of the slave.

Leger now felt himself in easy and happy circumstances—he was young—of a strong constitution, and of strong passions: to use his own expression, it was the heyday of the blood, and he thought proper to indulge it. He associated

himself with that contemptible tribe of things in human shape, called *Gentlemen of Spirit*, who gloriously roar in a tavern, to the disturbance of the neighbourhood, or scour the streets, to the annoyance of passengers, break lamps, knock down watchmen, and roll prostitutes in the kennel.

Our Hero, with his hey day of blood scorned to be a whit behind his fellows ; he rather gloried to be foremost in all scenes of nocturnal riot and dissipation. We forbear to give a detail of the many mischievous exploits his prowess atchieved, as we have named their characteristics ; and shall content ourselves with recording, in consistence with our plan, how ingenuity and impudence helped him out of difficulties, consequent upon his nightly recreations.

If overpowered by the watch, which was sometimes the case, and conveyed to the watch-house, he assumed amazing dignity and consequence, denied all connection

nection with, or even knowledge of his companions, and affected to speak of them with contempt: he called himself by the name of some person of consequence whom he was sure the watch did not personally know: he accounted for breaking their heads, by blusteringly reproving them for their ignorance, in not knowing such a gentleman from a set of dirty scoundrels; and for their impudence in daring to molest and confine *him*, who only accidentally was there at the time of the affray. He threatened to make them know who he was with a vengeance. He generally so over bore and frightened the poor myrmidons of the night, that he was dismissed with thanks for condescending to depart, and his pardon asked for giving him the trouble to break their heads.

If in any of his affrays, his person happened to be recognized, and complaints or charges pursued him to his office; as every soul there was intirely

devoted to him, and each had his cue ; an alibi was immediately set up and asserted with the greatest effrontery and assurance, and every accusation borne down with cool and intrepid impudence. Never at a loss for a *shift*, he sinned with impunity, while the less ingenious rake-hells his companions, were obliged to commute for their pennance as they could.

Two years passed away, in which our Hero employed his days to his employer's profit and satisfaction, and to his own improvement in the knowledge of his profession : His evenings were passed in the glorious manner before mentioned. Vanity now prompted him to aspire higher than his present situation and degree ; he repressed the heyday of his blood, and assumed a gravity and decorum of conduct as preliminary to the change he meditated. Qualified to act as an attorney, he might have been entered as such, and by pursuing that same tract

tract as a principal, which he had done as a subordinate, might have accumulated wealth as his employer had done before him; but wealth was not his only object; he thirsted for fame, and looked up to the bar as the means of obtaining it, not without hopes of ascending in time to the bench itself.

He knew he possessed an unconquerable impudence, an amazing strength of lungs, and endless volubility of speech, and was free from all scrupolosity of the justice of the cause in which he might employ his powers of oratory: and then to be addressed Anthony Leger, Esq. was so much more eligible than plain Mr. that he determined to enter himself at one of the Inns of Court and read law, in order to be called to the bar as a counsellor. He communicated his intentions to Mr. Norton, who though loath to part with a person useful to himself, could not deny that he possessed suitable qualifications for the station to which he aspired: he

he therefore requested him to look out for a proper person to supply his place.

Calling one day upon a gentleman of his acquaintance, he found sitting with him a young man of genteel appearance and promising aspect, who seemed dejected in spirits, even to melancholy: he felt himself interested in behalf of this youth, and on enquiry, found he had been bred to the law, but had been so long out of employment, that his finances were exhausted, and his resources only the precarious bounty of a few individuals.—Much has been said by authors, of the power of sympathy, and of persons attaching themselves to each other at first sight; so it happened in the present case; whether it was that the souls of Leger and of this young man were congenial, and mutually attracted each other, or whether some other cause produced the effect, their friendship commenced from that moment, and lasted through life.

Pre-

Prejudiced in favour of this young man, whose name was Edwards, Leger took it for granted he was qualified to supply his place, and determined without further enquiry to serve him. My God! exclaimed he, how happy am I in calling here at this time, Mr. Norton wants a person to fill up my place, and has commissioned me to procure one for him; I will go directly and announce my success: he did so, and young Edwards was received at Norton's, with full credit for his qualifications, from the recommendation of Leger, while the latter went to prepare for his intended studies.

But a few days elapsed, when Leger called upon his patron and friend Mr. Norton, when to his great surprise, he was received, not with that warm cordiality he had been accustomed to, but with cold civility, mixed with appearances of indignation and disgust. Leger considered Mr. Norton's friendship

ship of too much consequence to lose lightly, as from his large practice he hoped to receive many briefs when called to the bar : He therefore earnestly solicited to know the cause ? “ the cause,” says Norton, “ I trusted to you to provide a proper person to supply your place, and you have introduced a lazy lounging lubber, an indolent fellow, who sits for hours without offering to touch a pen, who enters and departs the office, as if he had no concern there but to be seen, while I am confined like a galley-slave to the oar.”

Leger affected great concern, declared his ignorance of Edwards, that he introduced him at the earnest recommendation of his friend, begged he would not keep him one moment upon his account, but turn him adrift immediately : for great as his friendship was for Edwards, it was a settled point with him to sacrifice every thing to his own views. Norton however kept him a few
weeks

ANTHONY LEGER. 41

weeks out of mere compassion to his destitute circumstances, though Leger pretended it was for his sake: he was then dismissed, where we shall leave him for awhile as his friend left him; that is, to shift for himself.

C H A P. V.

Leger enters himself of Furnivals Inn, and reads Law—spends his Evenings in a more rational Manner—Traits of his Companions—and Nature of their Entertainments. Lorrimer's Journey.

L EGER now commenced student of the Law in Furnivals Inn, where he entered himself a member, and hired chambers. As his course of reading and study can afford nothing entertaining or profitable

profitable to the reader, we shall leave him quietly to his own improvement in the science of wrangling, and attend him only in his colloquial situations. Having withdrawn himself from his former companions, he looked around him where he now was for a new set of acquaintance, nor was he long before he was agreeably associated

Four worthy and sensible gentlemen of Furnivals Inn, usually met every evening, at a neighbouring coffee-house, mostly as a select company, for the rational amusement of conversation, after the fatigues of reading and study: Their names were Bagley, Ord, Lorrimer and Wale; they communicated freely to each other, their thoughts on men and things, and their conversation was at once entertaining and improving: rancorous prejudices were prohibited from shewing themselves, and candour and moderation, were

were manifest whether they praised or censured.

Leger visited the same coffee-house, and by seating himself whenever he could, in the next box to them, and being remarkably list of hearing, participated of much of their discourse. He considered that besides the knowledge of the law, it was necessary for him to know mankind; he determined therefore to attach himself to them, that he might profit by their remarks, until he should have opportunity to investigate the variety of human characters himself. He found no difficulty in doing this: his manner was specious, his address insinuating, and he knew too well how to assimilate to their likeness, to be refused the honour of making one of their agreeable society.

Mr. Lorrimer, having made an excursion on business, to a manufacturing town, north of the capital, on his return,

44 ADVENTURES OF

rejoined his friends in their usual evening colloquy. It was agreed by all of them, that as he had been abroad, he should entertain them with what he had seen and heard. He consented to be narrator, provided they would enliven his tale, by their remarks and observations, and thus he proceeded with his recital.

“During my stay at ***** the inhabitants had, what I understood was their annual custom, an assembly or ball, at the entrance of the new year; this assembly was composed of the principal manufacturers, their wives and children, two or three creditable farmers, a couple of beau curates, who served three or four neighbouring parishes, and two or three shop-keepers. My curiosity made me desirous of going, that I might contemplate this group of figures: and as my friend is very communicative, and knows the natural history of all the biped animals

imals round him, I prevailed on him to accompany me.

For the sake of information, we went early, that we might see the company enter: The first figure that struck me, was a middle aged woman, remarkably coarse and clumsy in her make, and so bedizzened with ornaments of dress, that she looked like a ruffled hen: She hobbled in, and was led by the master of the ceremonies, to the upper end of the room, from which I concluded she was a personage of consequence, and resolved to have her history.

Another female figure took my attention: she entered with a mincing, wriggling gait, her rump vibrated like the pendulum of a table-clock, and affectation was in all her movements; her figure was genteel—her face had been handsome—her dress was neat—her countenance seemed dressed in smiles of benevolence, which were displayed alternately on each
side

46 ADVENTURES OF

side the room as she advanced, and her smiles were returned plentifully by all the females especially. She, I concluded, was the goddess of the place, and universally beloved and worshipped, for her excellent virtues; I promised myself a feast of pleasure from the delineation of her character, and committed her to the tablet of memory accordingly.

The ball was opened by the daughter of the ruffled hen, a miss just taken from the boarding-school, and a young apothecary, just set up in the town, for whom miss shewed a considerable penchant: his figure was the exact resemblance of a monkey, his countenance possessed the grin, and his movements the agility of that animal. The minuet ended—country dances began—half the number of couples were children—and several couples of the same sex. A little after midnight, my friend and I retired, being

being more disposed for rest than further entertainment.

The next day, I requested my communicative and intelligent friend, to favour me with some account of the personages I had seen at the last night's assembly; and begged him to begin with *her*, who I thought to be the most amiable, and who attracted so much notice and respect. 'How are you deceived by appearances!' cried my friend, 'That supposed angel of yours, is an incarnate devil, intirely the opposite of all she seems, except in her mincing, wriggling gait, which is indeed an unequivocal mark of her pride and affectation: you are equally deceived in that apparent respect and attention paid to her, as it flows from the same motives which induces the poor Indians to worship the devil.'

"You surprise me greatly! said I, and did not I know from repeated proofs
that

that your heart is good, and that you judge and speak of persons with candour and impartiality, I should suspect you of the most detestable malevolence; but I must believe, surpris'd as I am, you have reasons for what you say: favour me with an account of this extraordinary person?" 'I will,' replied he, 'and do it with all that impartiality and candour you are pleas'd to allow me.'

'Satania, a name though fictitious, by which she is well known, is of a good family, one of the first in the place for opulence, and one of the best for the number of worthies it has produced: the respect paid her, would on that account be what it seems, had not her ill properties destroyed her right to it: pride, of which she has an uncommon share, causes her to affect parade and show; while her covetousness leads her to practice every meanness. The apricots, peaches, cabbages, and other products of her garden, are hawked about
the

the town by poor persons, who are paid with a few of the rotten and spoiled, for their trouble, and are taught to say, they are employed by persons in the country. Her presents are made with that which is unsaleable—her children half famished, devour at the tables of their friends, as if they could never be satisfied—her guests are entertained at tables prettily set off with a number of dishes with little or nothing in them, and are helped so sparingly they are obliged to leave off with appetites half satisfied, because ashamed to send up their plates so often.

‘ Her work people lose their time in assisting her and going on her errands—her poor neighbours’——“Hold,” said I, “enough of this detail, all this is mean and despicable enough, but what is there in all this to deserve the epithet you gave her?” ‘Patience,’ said he, ‘and reflect a moment, I allow, that on a superficial view there appears nothing diabolical: but if the character of the devil,

50 ADVENTURES OF

is the complete contrast of the divine nature in all its operations ; covetousness, as opposed to the bounty of the supreme, has a spice of the diabolical : however, it is not for this, that Satania has acquired the name, I have only mentioned it, as in conjunction with her pride leading on to other vices, the devilish nature of which you will not dispute.’

‘ Her heart corrodes with envy at the prosperity of her acquaintances, while all her endeavours to hide it, through the weakness of her intellects, tend to its discovery ; and where she has fixed her dislike, her malice is unalterable as it is dangerous : her tongue, as the agent of falsehood, or the vehicle of slander, destroys the peace of families, or wounds the characters of individuals : and yet so artful is this crafty, though weak woman, that she always escapes the positive detection of her malevolence : not by denying what she has said, but by removing it from the indicative to the subjunctive mood ;

mood ; and thus fastening the charge of falshood and misrepresentation upon her accusers.'

'I have said she is weak—her vanity and weakness afford safety from the mischief of her tongue, to those who are mean enough to flatter her ; many who abhor her, do it from motives of fear : had you observed last night, you would have seen several who behaved to her with great civility and attention, look at one another, when her head was turned from them, with looks expressive of contempt and disgust : her character for falshood, is freely discussed in private circles, and every lye of peculiar magnitude, is supposed to be one of her fabrication. What say you Lorrimer ? Is your angel, an angel of light or darkness ?' "Of darkness undoubtedly," said I, "but I am astonished that so mischievous a being is not shunned as well as feared ; and that a regard to the common safety does not induce her worshippers, to unite

52 ADVENTURES OF

in one common resolution to keep their distance from her."

'You talk like a cockney,' said he, 'many things which are not only practicable, but easy in London, are impossible here from circumstances: connections of families and interests are so intermingled here, that to do as you have suggested, would be productive of consequences that would be severely felt; for in a country town, persons depend upon their own neighbourhood for their trade. Satania is herself important in this point of view; her family is large, and its expenditure considerable; she is connected by blood and alliance, with other families that are large and opulent, who would withdraw their favours from such as should shew their public dislike to her.'

"You have now done," said I, "Surely you can have nothing more to say about this seeming angel?" 'That is as you please,' said he, with a profound sigh, 'I shall willingly drop this subject with
your

your permission.' "The sigh excited my curiosity to know what more could be added to such a character, so I begged him to proceed."

'For several years after marriage,' added he, 'she was childless, and seemingly, very unhappy on that account; at last, providence blessed her with a numerous offspring. Her covetousness now alarmed her fears about the expense of a large family, and her management of herself, during subsequent pregnancies, awakened suspicions, which were by no means lessened from abortions following. The matrons canvassed the matter freely among themselves, but on such a subject, who dare speak out? So it stands over to that day when inquisition shall be made for blood.'

'One article more, and I withdraw the picture. Satania affects to be a saint, and makes a profession of religion, in the strictest and most serious way of the sectaries. Her devotions and her alms,

54 ADVENTURES OF

want only the market place and the trumpet, to constitute them literally pharisaic. I have done Mr. Lorrimer, I have given you, not a caricature, but a faithful copy of the original.'

C H A P. VI.

Relation of Lorrimer's Journey continued.

"**P**ROCEED we then," said I, "from this original to the next; I mean the ruffled hen, whose dress is the caricature of dress, and whose whole appearance of awkwardness bespeaks something peculiar." 'That coarse piece of rusticity dressed up, we shall distinguish by the name, stile, and title of Joan the Gentlewoman: as to descent, she is the offspring of an illicit amour, between

tween a Presbyterian teacher, and a buxom widow, his neighbour, with whom he formed a connection, and with whom he openly cohabited to the disgrace of his order, and of both their characters; but they were rich, and riches inspire with confidence; they felt their independance, and cared for no one.

Much of the same kind of sentiment occupies the mind of Joan, who feeling her weight and independance in point of wealth, cares very little what any one thinks of her: her money has procured her a husband, and what is extraordinary, a good one; to do Joan justice, she is sensible of her good luck, and highly values her good man. The furniture of her mind cannot be expected to be great, shut up as she has been from intercourse with the world from the circumstance of her birth: all defects of this kind, are her misfortune, not faults, and would always be considered as such, did not that insolence of

wealth, which never fails to provoke wherever it appears, urge one to recollect something to justify one's contempt.

As to the amiable charities, the fine feelings of the mind, the sympathetic tear, the heart dissolving at another's woe, Joan knows nothing of the matter; nature has fortified her with impenetrable callosity, even to her own offspring. Sicknesses, sorrows and pains, seem to her to be light evils, and nothing to be esteemed a calamity, but breeding and bearing of children; of this trouble indeed she has had her share, and this is the only point, at which she seems to feel for others, yet these feelings are productive of little more than words of pity; Joan esteeming it a sort of crime, for poor persons to bring themselves often into such circumstances, and to burthen themselves with large families, and make them a claim on the benevolence of the rich.

“Here,”

"Here," said Mr. Lorrimer, "My friend finished his description of his neighbour's Satania and Joan, and I have fulfilled my promise of being narrator to you : as you have heard me with attentive silence, I doubt not but you have remarked upon and adjudged these characteristics with your usual impartiality and candour."

Leger, to whom long silence was always a punishment, was glad to be released from it; and accordingly broke out in violent execrations against Satania in particular; he cursed with vehemence her art and dissimulation, and heartily wished the earth rid of so monstrous a serpent. He enlarged with great volubility on the excellence of truth, integrity of heart, and benevolence; and would have proceeded, (for he never wanted words) but Mr. Ord checked his career, by remarking, "That an honest warmth in the cause of virtue was highly commendable, but that excessive heat and violence against any particular

58 ADVENTURES OF

particular vicious character, was generally indicative of a similarity to that character, which was wished to be concealed; he was however far from thinking this the case with his friend Leger; but attributed his heat to the eagerness of youth, which he wished him to moderate." Leger was stung to the quick, conscience made him feel the truth of the remark, but this he chose to keep to himself, and with all the seeming candour and modesty of instructed youth, he thanked Mr. Ord for his good opinion of him, and promised to profit by his advice.

Mr. Bagly observed, "That he thought that circle of acquaintance, or rather connection peculiarly unhappy that had a Satania in it; no one was safe as to their character or peace of mind: and their danger was so much the greater, as from the art of such persons, detection was almost impossible. He did not say how far a country situation might

might render it necessary to dissemble our real sentiments of such persons ; but it was his determination to shun them with a marked disapprobation of their character and conduct ; he thought it a duty which he owed to his own safety, and that of society in general."

"As to Joan the Gentlewoman," said Mr. Wale, "I see nothing peculiar in her character, she was born to wealth it is true, but I consider her in the same predicament with those who have rose to it by accident, or prosperity in trade : a seclusion from polished society, from the infamous connection of her parents, left her to her native vulgarity, and she rose into life and the possession of wealth, though born to it, just as the prosperous vulgar do, with a mind uninstructed in the principles of politeness, and void of all that delicacy of sentiment which gives birth to the finer feelings : hence their callosity to sufferings which they do not feel, and

and their contempt of those who have not been as fortunate as themselves. I should consider these John and Joangentry, as excreffencies in the common-wealth, were it not that their pride and the gratification of their own selfishness, occasions a circulation of their wealth to the benefit of the public—so that we see God has made nothing in vain, and that his wise providence so orders the course of things, that beings destitute of good dispositions, are nevertheless beneficial.”

Time now required these sentimental friends to end this evening's conversation, they went home to their chambers, where we wish them a good repose; and as sincerely wish our readers may learn of them the art of spending their evenings profitably in improving conversation.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

*Leger called to the Bar—figures away as
a Counsellor—his Eloquence described—
seduces Clarinda.*

OUR Hero having given to study, what he thought a proper time, and acquired what he thought a proper degree of knowledge of the law, made the necessary preparations for being called to the bar. The day of passing trial came, when who should he find to his great surprise among his brother candidates, but his former friend Edwards, whom he had heard nothing of since his dismissal from Mr. Norton's, for it was not his disposition to enquire after friends in adversity: Fortune however had been kind to this young man, the death of an uncle had put him in possession of a sufficiency
to

to take chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and prepare himself for the bar.

Leger for the sake of expedition in commencing counsellor at law, had removed his membership from Furnival's to Lincoln's Inn, which was the cause of their being candidates together at this time.

We have before observed that the souls of these men were congenial, that is, in many though not in all respects; they were both bold, daring, and confident, fully dependant on their own abilities and impudence. In this material circumstance they differed; Leger applied with more diligence to the studies of his profession, and from the retentiveness of his memory, was master of all he read; while Edwards trusted wholly to the quickness of his invention, the boldness of his imagination, and the volubility of his tongue, to make the best of the little furniture he had: the consequence was, that in
their

their future practice, Leger had by much the advantage. They were both of them admitted to the bar; and that friendship which had been some time dormant, was from this incident revived.

Anthony Leger, Esq. barrister at law, now appeared in full character in the several courts of law. His former friend Mr. Norton did not entirely forget him, some few briefs he obtained by his means, but his chief resource of business was among the Old Bailey attornies, and in this court he was much better known than in those of Westminster. In his aims at oratory, he chose Demosthenes for his pattern, and from a consciousness of the strength of his lungs, and the bronze of his front, attempted to imitate the fire and overwhelming eloquence of that inimitable orator of antiquity, and in his own opinion, did not fall short of it.

Others however thought differently, and were of opinion that his eloquence favoured more of Lower Thames Street, than of the Athenian school. In one
part

part of his practice, he was peculiarly happy and successful, in cross-examining, his native craft and overbearing manner, seldom failed of confounding the clearest and most distinct evidence, and of procuring to his client a longer space for the practice of iniquity.

The employment of confounding right and wrong did not so fill up our hero's time as to exclude the softer passions: he felt the want of a domestic companion and friend, and determined to procure one; but here lay the difficulty, he had an insuperable aversion to the shackles of matrimony, and wished to be connected no longer than attachment and convenience should render it agreeable. An attachment and friendship could not be expected from any of those beings who let out themselves for hire, he determined therefore on the arts of seduction, whenever he should meet with an object suitable to his purpose and inclinations.

Clarinda

Clarinda was young, beautiful, of a good understanding, and great vivacity: she was the daughter of parents not in affluent, but comfortable circumstances: virtuous, artless, and innocent herself, she was unsuspecting of design in others; and having seen but little of the world, was credulous of fair professions and specious appearances.

Leger accidentally met with her at the house of an acquaintance, where he happened to call to take a cup of tea, and where she happened to be on an afternoon visit. He marked her for his own, and from that moment began his operations by paying her assiduous attention. His person was not handsome, but that was amply made up by his attention to dress, and the speciousness of his address.

He failed not also in the course of conversation, of which he always engrossed the greatest share, to magnify his own importance and success in his profession. He soon saw he had rendered
himself

66 ADVENTURES OF

himself agreeable to Clarinda, at least as an acquaintance, and considered the way now open to become so as a lover. To cultivate an acquaintance with the family, was the next necessary step, as affording the means of frequently seeing Clarinda without making a formal declaration that his visits were on the score of love.

He had learned during the afternoon chat, that the family were involved in some legal difficulties, he determined to avail himself of this circumstance and secure their friendship by rendering himself necessary to them. He escorted the lady home that evening—pretending business in the neighbourhood, he called in a day or two to enquire after the welfare of the family, drew out of them the nature of their trouble, and gave his advice as a friend; which furnished future excuses for calling to know the success of his advice, and to renew it: This procured him the thing

thing which he wanted, freedom of access on the footing of an acquaintance.

In the continuance of his visits, he more and more manifested his attachment to Clarinda. Her parents imagining that his intentions were certainly honourable, waited with patience in expectation, that as soon as it was convenient he would request her in marriage, a circumstance that would have been highly pleasing, as they considered him at least in the way of acquiring a fortune.

This patience of theirs he improved to his own purpose: Clarinda became fondly attached to him, was seduced to quit her father's house, and retire to his chambers, where she cohabited with him upon his own plan: he however, passed her upon the world, as his wife, and the abused parents thought it better to bear their grief and vexation quietly, than to make bad worse, by exposing their daughter to public shame as the reproach of their family.

C H A P. VIII.

*Leger fails of rising in his Profession—
forms the Design of going to India—
Dilemma while deliberating—curious
Method of Relief.*

WHEN men overrate their own merit and abilities, they frequently meet with disappointments; this was the case with our worthy counsellor, who seldom had an opportunity of displaying his talents any where but at the Old-Bailey: a sad disappointment this to his ambition, which had looked up to the heights of the professional glory and emolument in Westminster Hall: his Oyer and Terminer profits, proved inadequate to support the stile in which he coveted to live, for no expense was spared either for dress or table: he had beside, the additional expense of a comfort.

ANTHONY LEGER. 69

fort. Poor Leger began to look about him with some degree of consternation, and to cast in his mind what *shift* he should now make.

About this time, the Supreme Court at Calcutta was established, for the administering of justice to that Settlement, according to the laws of England. To this object he turned his regards, as promising both glory and profit. Here would be fewer rivals to eclipse him, and consequently a larger sphere of action: he turned this matter in his thoughts again and again.

He sought out persons who had been in India, and procured from them all the information he could, relative to the nature and customs of the place: most of them gave him great encouragement. He read all that he could meet with relative to India, and its affairs, and endeavoured fully to qualify himself for an emigration: but still his heart hankered

kered after home, and he felt considerably hurt, that he could not live and shine in his own country. Sometimes his hopes that he might yet succeed, made him give up his India prospects, but he was soon awakened from these dreams, by the many necessities which pressed upon him, and against which he could devise no *shift*, but an asylum on the banks of the Ganges.

There is one extraordinary thing in the conduct of our Hero, which we have not hitherto mentioned; that is, his manner of settling his mind under any derangement or dilemma. On such occasions he privately withdrew himself from home, and secreted himself in some blind alehouse, or wandered in the darkness of the evening from one such place to another.

He kept himself constantly intoxicated with gin and water, sleeping on tables or benches, and when he waked, pouring down more of his favourite liquor to
keep

keep up his inebriety. When his money and whatever he could pledge, was gone, he returned home, formed some plausible excuse for his absence, and fixed his determinations as to the matters that had troubled him. He acted thus on the present occasion, and concealed himself in the hedge ale-houses of Highgate and Hampstead, for three weeks, until his money was all expended, and his linen and person in the most squalid condition.

Clarinda's distress at his absence was inexpressible, as this was the first freak of the kind since their connection: she used every possible means to find him in vain, until he returned in the rueful condition just mentioned.

"Where, Mr. Leger have you been? account for this mysterious absence and wretched appearance." "O my Clarinda, if you knew what I have suffered since I saw you, how would you pity me! but

but you can form no idea of my distresses."

"Tell me then," cried the impatient Clarinda, whose alarms and astonishment encreased, the more she contemplated his shocking figure; "tell me then where you have been, and how you came in this wretched condition? Why have you concealed yourself? Why have not I, or some of your friends and acquaintance been thought worthy of information concerning your situation?"

"You seem suspicious of something wrong, my Clarinda; my Love, be patient and hear my tale."

"The morning I left you, I went by appointment to the temple coffee-house, to meet a gentleman, one of my best clients, who insisted on my going immediately about forty miles down into the country, to transact some business for him that required secrecy and dispatch. I expected to return the third day, though it grieved me to the heart

to

to give you anxiety, I was obliged to keep my departure from town a profound secret.

I executed my commission and was returning, when I was taken ill upon the road, and left by the stage at a public house: a fever and delirium ensued, and when I grew better, I found my money all gone: God curse their hearts! I am sure they must have robbed me, but you know I could have no proof. I have been forced to part with all I could, to make my way home in the condition you see me: let me retire to rest, the greatest benefit you can now do me."

Clarinda was far from being satisfied, she urged to be informed of his rout, and that proper steps might be taken, to bring the persons, at whose house he had been, to an account about his money; to which she was answered, that as to his rout, the secrets of the profession were not to be revealed; and as

74 ADVENTURES OF

to the money, he as a lawyer, knew best what was to be done. He retired to bed, where about twenty-four hours took off the effects of his debauch, and placed him in statu quo.

C H A P. IX.

Determines for India—Clarinda's Attachment—Tour through France to Italy—Acquaintance with Signor Batty—Sails for Alexandria.

OUR Hero's head being settled, he fixed his determination, which was to go to India by land; some of his friends represented to him the dangers and fatigues of such an undertaking; but gin and water had so filled his mind with heroics, powerfully inspiring beverage

verage as it is, that he considered the greatest danger to be the greatest glory. The necessary preparations were accordingly made, but with a privacy which was in some sort requisite, from the many claims which might otherwise have pressed upon him, and have rendered more shifts necessary than he was at present at leisure to attend to.

He procured letters of recommendation to several persons, and in particular to one of the judges of the Supreme Court and his lady. He now opened his scheme to Clarinda, and proposed her going with him, a proposal to which she cheerfully assented, for she was faithfully and affectionately attached to him: and though she could not be satisfied with the blind story of his late ramble, he had by dint of tongue, overcome her diffidence and regained her confidence.

By some means or other, intelligence of his movements reached Clarinda's pa-

rents, who thought this might be a favourable opportunity, for recovering their daughter from her seducer, without injuring her character in the eyes of the world : They accordingly wrote to her, most affectionately entreating her to refuse to go with him, and offering her an asylum with them after his departure : but all was in vain, she was determined to accompany him, and no representations of danger, either by sea or land, could move her ; the presence of a man who seemed to fear nothing, really divested her of all sense of fear.

All things being in readiness, and all the cash raised that sale or loan could procure, the destined day of departure came. Early in the day, Leger threw himself into a hackney coach, and drove about the town to take leave of such friends and acquaintance as it was convenient for him to see, and about ten o'clock at night, he set off with Clarinda,

rinda, in a post chaise, for Dover, where they arrived the next evening, and the day following embarked for Calais.

They passed through France, and so much of Italy, as was necessary to reach Leghorn, their destined port to embark for Egypt. As to what they did, and what they saw by the way, we shall give our readers no trouble, being in cash, no *shifts* were necessary, and as to what they saw, it was the same which has been seen by hundreds before them, and will be seen by hundreds after them: things, of which the public have had ample information from books of tours and travels.

They arrived at Leghorn, and as no ships were expected to sail for a month or six weeks, they were obliged to stop here. At Leghorn, lived a Signor Barrett, an artist of some eminence in statuary, he had been in England, and had a brother then residing there. Leger had occasionally seen this brother at a coffee-house, and learned of him

that he had a brother at Leghorn. It was not long before he found out Signor Barrett, and introduced himself to him, as the very particular friend and acquaintance of his brother: apologizing for the want of letters of recommendation, from his leaving London when Mr. Barrett happened to be out of town.

He related many little anecdotes of him, most of them indeed the fictions of his own brain; but they answered his end. The good Italian, in whose heart fraternal love was warm, received the supposed friend of his brother, with all cordiality, and his friendship became a source of many benefits to him and Clarinda. Leger, by his want of prudence and œconomy, virtues for which he was never famous, had in his journey considerably sunk his cash, and began to see it necessary to have recourse to his *shifts*, to make the residue hold out to the end: he

he accordingly marked out the kind Italian for his victim at Leghorn.

Voluble in speech, far beyond the saturnine disposition of his country, he rendered himself extremely agreeable to Barrett, by his conversation: they became almost inseparable companions, a circumstance, which Leger did not fail to prove to his own advantage: he was frequently talking to him of his brother, relating fresh anecdotes of him, of his own invention, all tending to shew the great intimacy and friendship which subsisted between them.

The Italian, as if an exception to the artful disposition of his countrymen; swallowed the bait, and became really attached to the supposed friend of his brother. At other times, he harangued on his great expectations in India, and the splendor in which he expected to return in a few years; not that he was induced to go from circumstances of necessity,

having left in England considerable effects in the hands of his friends, and only taken with him, so much as he thought would just carry him there: he had not patience to wait the acquiring such a fortune as he wished, in the professional way at home, he had therefore turned his eyes to India, where from his great interest, wealth would be rapidly acquired.

Having thus prepared the way, by and by, letters from London were produced, as from those very friends in whose hands he had left his effects: these letters bore the names of persons of known opulence and credit; and were partly letters of friendship, and partly letters of business: they expressed fears lest the sums he had taken with him should be inadequate to his expenses, and advised him to draw upon them for remittances before he should leave Europe: such kind concern was not to be mentioned without

ANTHONY LEGER. 81

out suitable gratitude, but the fears of his friends were without foundation, and he should take care to manage what he had, that it should hold out to the end.

At the end of six weeks a Swedish ship touched at Leghorn in her way to Alexandria, and Leger agreed with the captain for a passage for himself and Clarinda, and to shew his œconomy to his Italian friend, laid in his own provisions under his direction.

The mine was now ready for springing, the ship was to sail in a few days: Leger's second thoughts began to coincide with the friendly advice contained in the letters: he wished he had complied with it in time, not that he had any prospect of want, but there was no foreseeing contingencies in so long a journey, and there was no waiting now for remittances. The only resource was the Italian's friendship, who advanced him a moderate sum, and took his bills

82 ADVENTURES OF

of exchange, drawn on his pretended friends in London.

Clarinda was as much deceived in this transaction as Signor Barett, (as Leger had never acquainted her with the real state of his affairs) and made a point of passing himself upon her as well as others, as a man of opulence and honour. He never communicated any of his secrets to her, nor made her in any degree, an agent in any of his tricks. She believed him in every thing with unlimited confidence, and was the continual dupe of his artifice. He needed no accomplice in any of his schemes, as he believed himself fully sufficient for their accomplishment: besides he would never trust another in any of his manœuvres, for fear of detection; and Clarinda's just sense of honour he knew would revolt at his ingratitude and knavery.

The day of depature came, and Leger took a seemingly affectionate and grateful leave of the Signor, requested

a kind remembrance to his brother in London when he wrote, and left him to find out too soon to his sorrow, that he had been duped by a villain. He embarked with Clarinda on board the Swede, and sailed away for Alexandria.

C H A P. X.

Dialogue with a Priest—Arrival at Alexandria—Payment of the Passage—Voyage up the Nile to Cairo.

THE wind was fair, the weather fine, and the passengers set on the deck the greatest part of every day, conversing together, and socially partaking of each others bottle. Our hero was in good spirits from his success at Leghorn, and therefore not the least chatty among

among them. There was among the passengers a monastic of the benedictine order, who was going to the Holy Land, but was charged with some dispatches to the monastery of benedictines, at Alexandria, which he therefore took in his way to Palestine.

We have told our readers that Ledger was educated in the catholic religion by his mother, that he was an apostate from that religion, because he did not choose the double labour of knavery and religious hypocrisy together: it will not be supposed that he regarded religion under any form; but like other renegados, he was most severe against that mode from which he had turned; and being in a protestant ship, determined to divert himself and the company by smoaking the priest. So one day when seated in their usual manner, he began with him.

“ Well father, what say you to a soak out of my bottle to day? it is a flask or

as good Florence as ever entered the walls of your house." "It may be so, son, for mortified as we are to the world, we thankfully receive what God and his saints send us." "It may be so, father, your appearance witnesseth your mortification and temperance; the rotundity of your belly, and the rosy appearance of your cheeks, bear testimony of the austerity of your order: however, drink a sup, father, and tell me if it is good."

The friar took a pull, "Sir, the wine is better than its owner, for you seem sir, by your remarks upon my person, to be not very friendly disposed to me or my order; but know, (if you have never heard it before) that our florid appearance is the result of our temperance, and all the faculty allow that temperance is the source of health." "True father, true, I am glad you like my wine, but do not be captious, here's my service to you. You say, father, your brotherhood are content with such wine

wine as God and the saints send them, I hope they always send what is good?"

"Why that question, fir?" "Because father, it is not all to be drank as wine. Do break a bit of biscuit with me, is not this good bread?" "Explain yourself, fir, you seem to be driving at something." "No harm, father, but where such marvellous matters are to be performed, the materials should certainly be good. I have read that the author of the christian religion once turned water into wine, and twice multiplied small quantities of bread to a sufficiency to satisfy the hunger of thousands: but you beat him hollow; you every day change bread into human flesh, and wine into blood, and like canibals, eat and drink both when you have done: and as this is the flesh and blood of God, I think the materials to make it ought to be good." "You are prophane," says the friar, "Curb the licentiousness of your tongue, and I will undertake to

prove

prove to you from Scripture, Fathers; and Counsels, that sacred mystery of our church you have dared to ridicule. Not for your sake do I make the proposal, but for the benefit of our friends present, for who knows, but the confounding of such an heretic may be the salvation of their souls." "Why father, as to scripture, it is a book which addresses my understanding, and leaves me the free use of my reason to judge of its assertions—not a single one can I find there, that in the judgment of reason and common sense, favours your doctrine of the host; and as to Fathers and Counsels, I am no ways disposed to sacrifice to them what scripture leaves me the free use of, and teaches me to believe is the sacred prerogative of human nature." "Sacred prerogative of human nature!" said the priest, sneering "What a fine use you heretics have made of it, judging of scripture each by your own understand-
ings

ings, you have more sects among you than there are saints in the kalender, ten times told." "You are as much mistaken in this matter, father, as in the mystery of God-making; it is for want of using this sacred prerogative of human nature, that sects are multiplied: at least for want of using it about scripture rather than about the doctrines of your church; which with all the reformation that has taken place, constitute more than one half of protestantism. But drink, father, for the weather is hot."

"Wretch, complain not of heat! depend upon it, you will find yourself in a much hotter place by and by."

The friar became fullen, and the company admired our hero as a friend to religion as well as a gentleman.

The fine weather continuing, the passengers assembled the next day as usual on the deck. The friar had pretty well recovered his temper, and joined in common chat. Leger affected to treat him with

ANTHONY LEGER. 89

with great civility, and the wine being out, in compliment to the friar fetched another flask: this had the desired effect, his eyes began to sparkle and his tongue to go with great fluency: when one of the company happening to say miracles were ceased, the friar with great vehemency denied, and demanded to be heard concerning one which was wrought within his own knowledge: their curiosity readily granted him audience, and he proceeded as follows.

“ The miracle I am going to relate, is an attestation of the power and goodness of the holy virgin mother of God. It happened while I resided at Milan, in the Convent of Benedictines. There it is the custom of every parish in that City, on the festivals of the Virgin, to carry her sacred image in solemn procession through every street in the parish, for the edification of the inhabitants.

The boundaries of one of the parishes terminates with a street, the end of which

which is crossed by a street in another parish: to avoid returning back by the same way they came, they took the liberty of passing along this street in the other parish, till they could turn again into their own; this was resented as an infringement on their neighbours, and their passage frequently disputed with warmth; but in vain, for the carriers of the sacred image insisted it was a shame the Virgin should be turned back again.

Remonstrances being vain, the disputers of the passage put up an iron bar across the end of the street, on the day of procession. The procession came, and was stopped by the bar. Now there stood in a niche at the corner of the street, and right over the bar, a stone image of the Blessed Virgin. The procession being stopped, began to sing the hymn *Salve Regina*, when the stone image reached forth her hand and lifted up the iron bar, and the procession passed singing, into the disputed street."

"Well

ANTHONY LEGER. 91

“Well said father,” cried one, “This was a miracle indeed! but did you see it yourself?” “No, but it was currently believed at Milan, and there is no doubt of the truth of it.” “Pardon us father if we doubt, especially as you was not an eye witness of it.” “Then you may go to hell in your unbelief, for my part I have no more doubt of it, than of my own existence, and I am determined that incredulity shall never be my ruin. So saying he took a good swig at the flask.

“The relation of this miracle occasioned much conversation, the friar defending it with warmth, till with much talking, and the heat of the weather, he made so free with the wine, which Leger took care often to help him to, that he became as unable to lift an arm or a leg, as the image of the Virgin at Milan.

When they arrived at Alexandria, the company separated: none of them going the same rout with our hero, who having no knowledge of any one here, nor letters

92 ADVENTURES OF

letters of recommendation, resolved not to stop. He took his passage in one of the boats which go up the Nile to Cairo, and got his baggage on board it, saying nothing to the Swedish captain of the time of his departure which was to be in two days. The appearance he made, and the airs of consequence he gave himself, had prevented the captain from asking for his money when they embarked; and two days elapsed at Alexandria before he presumed to do it there. Leger made great apologies for making him wait a moment, but a merchant on whom he had bills of exchange from Leghorn, was from home, which would unavoidably make the delay a day or two longer. His bed, some wine, and other articles of provision which he had on board, he begged him to accept, as a compliment for his civility.

The excuse was admitted by the unsuspecting captain. Leger then hired a

Jew

Jew as an interpreter, got on board the passage boat, and the next day went up the Nile for Cairo, leaving the Swede to wait for the Merchant's return.

The voyage up the Nile is extremely pleasant, being through the finest part of Egypt, which is one of the finest countries in the world. The number of towns and villages which appear on both sides of the river, renders the prospect delightful. And what added to the beauty of the scene at this time, was the Turkish feast of Lamps, when the towns and villages are illuminated with lamps of various colours, disposed in festoons and other devices, which renders the prospect at night, as beautiful as in the day.

The intervals however between the towns, on the banks of the river, are sometimes so great, as to afford an opportunity for robbing-boats, to commit piracies in the night, which are often attended with acts of great cruelty.

One

One night Clarinda and he were roused from their sleep, by the abrupt entrance of the Jew interpreter into their cabin. His consternation was too great to allow him utterance, when Leger lifting up his head to see who was there, beheld him by the light of the moon, with his hair standing upright, and his countenance expressive of the deepest horror. After repeated enquiries concerning the cause, the poor Jew made shift to exclaim, O master we shall all be murdered ! the robbing boats are come.

They heard at the same time, the greatest confusion and uproar on the deck, but could not understand a word that was said, for the interpreter was the only creature on board, to whom they could speak. Leger jumped from his bed snatched up a pair of loaded pistols, and giving one to the Jew, cursed his Jew's face for his fear : bid him go and shoot the first that attempted to board,

or

or he would blow his brains out with the other: the Jew dismissed, Clarinda rose, and Leger took a bag of ducats which lay under his head, and ripping up the bed, emptied the ducats among the feathers: then leaving Clarinda to sew up the bed and shake it, he took his pistol and went upon deck.

The Jew pointed out to him the object of terror, which was yet at too great a distance to be discerned distinctly, though it had occasioned so much distress: there appeared something black on the surface of the water, which seemed, or their fears made it seem to move towards them. Leger seized a musquet from the hand of a man who stood by him, and pointing at the object, fired. He shot away their fears—they no longer thought it approached them—and being about two miles from a town, they agreed when they came there to anchor before it, no pirates daring to approach such a situation:

96 ADVENTURES OF

situation. On the morrow, they proceeded on their voyage, when nothing remarkable happened until their arrival at Cairo.

C H A P. XI.

Description of the Beys—Our Travellers detained, and expect to lose their Heads—Have Leave to depart—Kindness of Moses Ozias—Journey through the Desert to Suez.

EGYPT was in a distracted state, when our travellers arrived at Cairo: the Beys who governed it as tributaries to the Porte, had thrown off the yoke, and withheld that tribute, for the payment of which they were allowed to oppress the people. They thought it full as much to their own interest to govern

govern with despotic power, and oppress the people in their own names, as in the name of his Sublime Highness; but as they suspected his Sublime Highness would use means to recover his tribute, they were assembled at Cairo, to consult for their mutual safety.

It was natural in such circumstances, that their spies should be in every part of the city, and that strangers should be viewed with an eye of peculiar jealousy. These voluptuous tyrants, restrained not their inclinations in any thing that power, however oppressive, could procure—nor were their gratifications merely those of nature, however depraved, but every thing that eccentric wickedness can imagine. Their wills were their law, nor dared a tongue to move against them, except in secret, and that sometimes cost the imprudent their lives.

Our travellers entered Cairo, and found it a bustling trading city: but one in-

98 ADVENTURES OF

convenience annoyed them much, as it does all strangers, especially Europeans: A set of bold mahomedan beggars, who demand charity with as determined an air as a footpad would your purse; and it is in general most safe to comply with their demands. Leger however walked about Cairo, with the freedom of an inquisitive stranger, and went out to view those wonders of Egypt, the Pyramids.

It happened, that in the boat which brought them from Alexandria, were several Turks, who were going cross the Desert to Suez, which was the rout our travellers designed to go, they therefore concluded upon going with them: an Arab guard was requested for the purpose, and they prepared for departure. How great was their surprise to find, that while they imagined themselves free, they had been prisoners, every step watched; and they were now forbidden to depart, on forfeit of their lives. The so-

ciety

ciety of the Turks, and the inquisitive freedom of Leger, had awakened the jealousy of the Beys, who commanded them to be detained, and deliberated several times, on the expediency of cutting off their heads. After some time, several of the Beys returned to their respective governments, and left the fate of our travellers, in the hands of those who stayed behind: these, for a few presents, and an assurance of their peaceable intentions, permitted them to depart.

There lived at Cairo, one Moses Ozias, with whom our Hero got acquainted by means of his own interpreter, who was some relation to Moses. This Hebrew, was an intelligent, benevolent kind of man; had himself travelled into India, and knew the dilemma to which travellers are exposed. Our Hero had acquainted him with his intended rout—Moses supposing he might be under a necessity of touching at Calicut, gave him a most friendly letter of recommendation,

dation, to Solomon Alcaro, a wealthy and powerful Jew, in great favour and very necessary to Hyder Ally. Leger received it with politeness; but accounting it of no consequence, set little store by it, as he did not think it likely he should be able to dupe a Jew: though it afterwards proved of the greatest service to him.

The time they were detained at Cairo, had sunk our Hero's finances considerably; and had not the charity of Moses Ozias considerably relieved him, he must have suffered greatly. Yet even this relief seemed far short of what was necessary to convey them to India. Leger however, was not discouraged, he determined to proceed at all events, and trust to his ingenuity when *shifts* were necessary.

The time of the Caravan going from Cairo to Suez, being near, the friendly Hebrew, persuaded them to stay for it; they did so, but with great reluctance,

for

for fear the jealousy of the Beys should give them further trouble: they however met with none, and on the day appointed they set out with a large company to cross the Desert to Suez.

The journey was about three weeks, in which time nothing happened, except a fracas between Leger and an Arab. The Arabs wander about the Desert, under the command of their Sheiks, to intercept and rob such merchants as venture to travel without the Caravan; and to rob even the Caravans themselves, when their numbers are sufficient for such an enterprise: but when they fall in with a Caravan, whose guard is too strong for them, which is generally the case, they content themselves with *begging* of the company.

A small party of these wanderers, fell in with our travellers, and one of the Arabs begging of Leger, who was not willing to give, the other laid hold on his boot, as if he intended to pull him

off his mule : Leger gave him such a stroke on the mouth, with his foot, as displaced several of his front teeth, and made the blood trickle down his beard : the enraged Arab, began to gather up stones to stone him ; when Leger drawing out a pistol, presented it at his head, which made him glad to take to his heels : He however soon returned, sufficiently armed and supported to revenge his cause. Luckily for our Hero, the Sheik came up, and having heard the matter, told Leger, that if he desired it, he would order the Arab a good whipping ; which he had the compassion and good nature to desire, notwithstanding the kick he had given him.

Having parted with their Arab visitors, they soon after arrived at Suez, where they met with several persons of different nations, and among them some English, who had come by way of Aleppo and crossed the great Desert.

C H A P. XII.

*Agrees with Fogard for a Passage to Pondicherry—Letters of Credit—Use of them
—Company and Conversation on Board
—Story of Capt. Williamson.*

BEING arrived at Suez, the next business was to get down the Red-Sea and across the Indian Ocean, to some port of India. Favourably to their wishes there lay in the port of Suez, a French ship bound to Pondicherry. The captain whose name was Fogard, was soon aware of his advantage of being the only ship going to India, and determined to make the best of it. The number that wanted passage thither, were eight, among whom, Clarinda was the only female.

Fogard would have one hundred pounds per head, nor would he bate

one single sous of his price. His unreasonable demand therefore was complied with; but alas! for poor Anthony Leger, Esq. two hundred Pounds to pay for himself and Clarinda, was a sum beyond his finances, and the money must be paid before they set a foot on board. *To be poor, and seem poor, is the devil all over*; so he determined to put a face upon the matter, and try if he could not *bite* the Frenchman.

Deficiency of cash could not be denied. To supply this deficiency, he sits down and draws several bills of exchange, to a considerable amount upon several persons in India of respectable names: he took care to vary the hand writing, and to date them from several places in Europe which he had passed through: to these he added a letter of credit, from a person at consequence in London, to another at Calcutta, to furnish Leger with such sums of money as he should want upon his arrival there. Furnished
with

with these, he looked and talked big, and urged credit for the passage until they should get to India, where the bills would be negociable.

Whether rogues are good physiognomists, I know not, but Fogard saw such fraternal lines in our Hero's countenance, that he was shy of the bait, and insisted on the cash. However, after much storming, swearing, arguing and wheedling, when Fogard saw that money was not to be had, loath to lose the chance of two hundred pounds, he consented to take them, but not without possession of the bills and letters of credit, by way of security. Matters being thus far settled, they sailed away for Suez.

Our passengers, we have observed, were eight in number, a Captain Williamson, a Mr. Dermott, counsellor Burrell, Leger and Clarinda, with two Germans, and Leger's Jew interpreter. The English passengers were soon acquainted, and became social: they beguiled

the tediousness of the voyage down the Red Sea, by conversation and entertaining anecdotes. Two of them, Williamson and Dermott were much more grave than their companions, and at times, a cloud of sorrow hung upon their brows; curiosity was awakened to know their history, which when Clarinda intimated to them, they with great good nature consented, and it was agreed Captain Williamson should begin.

“I am,” said he, “the younger son of a respectable family, in the North of England, consequently, my expectations of wealth could not be great, for though my father’s estates were large, the stile in which he lived, would not admit of laying up much for me. Our next neighbour, and my father’s intimate friend was a wealthy gentleman, named Barclay; he had two children, Francis was of my own age, and Maria a year younger. The intercourse between the

two families naturally associated the children of them, and as we grew up, Maria's beauty, sweetness of temper, and engaging manners, stole upon my soul until it was wholly hers.

I had loved her from infancy as a brother and friend, but that affection was ripened by years to the warmest passion. Maria perceived the encreasing signs of it in all my deportment, she seemed not displeased, and I was encouraged to declare my sentiments, which I did with the most warm and impassioned language.

If hope dilated my heart before, ecstasy now took possession of my soul, when my Maria, my angel, my happiness, confessed with all the delicacy of virgin modesty, I was not indifferent to her ; that if our parents gave their sanction, her hand should be mine as her heart was already. It was impossible for words to express the sentiments of my soul on this occasion. I attempted it
in

in broken accents, but could only kneel and seal my vow of eternal affection, on the dear promised hand. Wretched pair! how fatally were we both deceived! she had never seen a man so agreeable to her as myself, our early intimacy had given me a superior place in her friendship; my assiduities had pleased her, and she thought her attachment of the tenderest kind. O my Maria! thou never couldst have deceived me, had not thine own heart been deceived itself." Here he was obliged to stop, until sobs and tears had given vent to his sorrows, when he resumed his tale.—

"Assured of Maria's affection, I thought my happiness certain, I built on the friendship of our parents, that disparity of fortune would be no great objection. Mr. Barclay too had always treated me with an affectionate regard, as if I had been one of his own children, and I hoped it would not be displeasing to him to have me so indeed.

Flattered

Flattered with these pleasing hopes, I hastened to my father, and poured out all the joy of my heart to him, and besought him to go immediately to Mr. Barclay, and ask Maria in marriage for me. 'Deluded boy,' said he, 'Maria cannot be yours, her father's prospects for her are far above our family—her beauty and fortune entitle her to the noblest connections in the country, and dare you flatter yourself that Mr. Barclay will bestow her upon you? Struggle with your passion, that you may be the less unhappy.'

Perish her fortune, said I, let Frank have all, give me but Maria and I shall be content. 'Mr. Barclay,' said he, 'will think otherwise, he has wealth enough for both his children, and will seek the aggrandising of both.' I urged, as argument, all the pleasing flatteries with which I deluded myself, and vehemently swore, my existence depended upon his compliance. 'I go, my child,' said he, 'tho'

I well foresee, the friendship between the families that moment dissolves.'

He went, all that he had predicted came to pass. Mr. Barclay had indeed formed schemes for aggrandising his children—he sent his son to travel, intending at his return to send him into the senate—he had cast his eyes upon a noble lord in the neighbourhood, as a match for his daughter, and did not doubt but her beauty, and the fortune he could give her, would carry that point also. My father's proposal was received with ineffable disdain, and I was forbid all intercourse with the family.

You will easily conceive my situation was now sufficiently distressing; but hope is the food of love, and that supported me. Love too, is ingenious in stratagems, and Maria and I had our interviews, in which we exchanged vows of eternal constancy. One happy circumstance afforded us consolation; the young lord whom Mr. Barclay wished to allure

to

ANTHONY LEGER. III

to an alliance, seemed not to be in the least disposition for the shackles of matrimony, so that my charmer was free from the trouble of addresses from that quarter.

My father pressed me to travel, in hopes that absence might cure a passion not likely to be successful; and also, that if Maria should be disposed of by her father, I might better bear the shock, being at a distance. I consented from different motives, I hoped that my absence might renew the intimacy of the families, and that time might work some change in my favour—so after a mutual exchange of vows between Maria and me, I embarked for the continent.

I shall forbear the recital of a tour through France and Germany, which took me up more than a twelvemonth, and in which indeed nothing very remarkable happened: Maria and I regularly corresponded through the channel of a faithful and unsuspected confidant.

Having

Having finished the tour of Germany, I passed through Italy, where an event happened which gave a turn to my affairs.

In passing through the streets of Verona late one evening, I saw a gentleman encountered by three men, who I supposed were assassins; he had placed his back to the wall, to avoid being surrounded: being a good swordsman, he had hitherto defended himself, but must in the end have fallen a sacrifice to numbers. I cried, Courage, Signor, and drawing my sword, placed myself beside him. I was so happy at the first pass, as to run one of the ruffians through the body. His fall so dispirited his comrades, that they fled, and left us but little hurt by their weapons.

When the gentleman turned to thank me for his rescue, how great was my surprise and joy to find he was the companion of my youth, and what was dearer still, the brother of my Maria. I should have rejoiced to have saved him
from

ANTHONY LEGER. 113

from death had he been a stranger, but this was an event that filled my heart with triumph for Maria's sake. I embraced him with fraternal affection, and scarce knew what I said in the gladness of my heart.

Surprise at my behaviour, at first prevented him from knowing me, but no sooner did he recognise me, than gratitude for his deliverance, revived all that friendship that the pride of the family had damped; and he exclaimed with eagerness, 'Is it you, my friend and brother? this generous behaviour deserves no lower appellation; and my parents cannot reward you for the life of one child, but by bestowing upon you the other.' A truce, my dear friend, said I, our situation calls for prudence, let us retire from this scene of blood: 'Lead where you please, we part no more until we visit our respective parents.'

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

The Story of Capt. Williamson, continued.

“**H**E led me to the palace of Count Lorenzo Borno, a young Venetian nobleman, with whom he had contracted a most intimate friendship, and with whom he resided. He related to Lorenzo what had passed, and the danger I had rescued him from, with many encomiums on me, but declared he knew not nor could so much as conceive the cause of his being thus attacked. We therefore concluded, the ruffians must have mistook their man.

Frank Barclay wrote an account of what had happened to his parents, and at the same time informed them of our speedy return to England. It was necessary for us to quit Verona, and the
great

great desire he had to plead my cause with his parents, made him wish to return, rather than prolong our travels. Count Lorenzo Borno, who had a great desire of seeing England, would have accompanied us, but he had lately performed the last offices for his father, and some family affairs required his present attention: it was therefore agreed, that he should follow us when his affairs would permit.

Nothing remarkable occurred in our return. Our parents and friends received us with the warmest affection; and my Maria's heart had undergone no alteration, but that of adding gratitude to apparent love. The friendly Frank, who had the greatest ascendancy and influence over his parents, soon prevailed for my permission to visit his sister. His success was accelerated by the disinclination shewn by Lord Devereux, to all
the

the advances of Mr. Barclay, toward the desired connection.

My affairs wore the most pleasing aspect, unrestrained by paternal prohibitions, most of my hours were passed in the dear society of my beloved Maria: her parents, her brother, all apparently encreased in their esteem for me, and preparations were actually making for our union, when Count Lorenzo, informed us by letter, of his arrival in London. Frank Barclay wrote, pressing him to come down into the North, informing him of the preparations for his sister's nuptials, and promising that we would all spend the approaching winter in town: he came, and with him the desolation of all my happiness.

Lorenzo was handsome in his person, and engaging in his address—he was master of all useful and ornamental science—young, gay, and in every respect formed to please—he had the art of attaching all hearts to his interest—in
his

his manners, he appeared to be open, noble and generous; an artless simplicity seemed to be the complexion of his soul. Events however proved, that Lorenzo could sacrifice every thing just and generous, to his own gratifications; and that he was artful and deep in his methods of conducting his schemes: so artful, that no one had the shadow of suspicion, until he had fatally accomplished his purpose.

The ease and freedom with which he resided in Mr. Barclay's family, afforded him almost constant opportunity of conversing with Maria, unsuspected as the friend of her brother and her lover. Some weeks had passed since his arrival, and the destined time of my happiness approached. Two days before the wished for period they both disappeared, nor was a servant of his to be found. Distress and consternation filled the family; but

but the passions that agonized my soul are not to be described."

The bitterness of recollection here, seemed to harrow up the Captain's soul—he lost, for a time, the powers of speech, and seemed absorbed in grief. He at length gave vent to his labouring heart by a flood of tears, and resumed the thread of his discourse.—

"As to the father of Maria, such was the rage and indignation with which he was filled, at the elopement of his daughter, and the fickleness, hypocrisy and perfidy, that appeared upon the face of her conduct, that he forbid all pursuit, a circumstance, that gave them the fairest opportunity of quitting the kingdom without interruption. As to myself, the treachery and villany of Lorenzo, fired me to madness; and at other times, the loss of that heart, in which I had fondly hoped I reigned, sunk me into a deep melancholy and gloom.

I shut myself up from society, and raved or mourned in secret. All that parental kindness and affection could suggest, was said and done to mitigate my sorrows, but in vain. The kindness of the Barclay's vied with my own family to comfort me, and the sympathizing kindness of the brother, endeavoured to sooth the woes occasioned by the perfidy of his sister. My health visibly declined, and I began to hope a remedy for my distresses in the grave.

In about six months, two letters arrived from Verona. One from Maria to her father; the other from Count Borno to her brother. In Maria's letter to her father, she informed him, that the Count and she were married as soon as they reached the Continent. She apologized for her elopement, by the certainty she had, that no other means could deliver her from the engagement she was under, and effect that union on which her happiness depended.—She was sorry
for

for poor Williamson.—Had she never seen Count Borno, she could have been happy with him; but the Count's arrival, convinced her, that all she had felt for Williamson, was but the effect of strong friendship.—Lorenzo alone was capable of inspiring her heart to love.—Time, she hoped, had greatly relieved her disappointed friend, and as happiness was the ultimate wish of parents for their children, she declared she was happy, and hoped they would forgive a fault urged by necessity, and grant her their blessing.

In the Count's letter to Frank Barclay, he acknowledged that the first moment he saw Maria, he felt he could not live without her; that he resolved from that moment to frustrate the intended nuptials.—He supposed his conduct would be stigmatized with hard names, but wherever he found the road to happiness, he gave himself little trouble about the names of the stages on that road.—

road.—Maria was necessary to his happiness—he had obtained her, and that was enough for him—that love was his sole motive was evident, as he had cut himself off from all expectation of that large fortune, which would have accompanied Maria's hand to his rival.—It might be true that he had made him unhappy, but how could he help it, if his own happiness was at stake.—He wished his rival well in every other respect, and more fortunate in his next choice: and that to be upon good terms with the family, would give him great pleasure.

My still fond heart was ready to form excuses for Maria, and to admit her apology, that she had mistook friendship for love. I recollected in her favour, that her seducer was all accomplished, and that nothing but a real affection for me, could have secured her from loving him, I was ready to for-

give and wish her happy, but the indifference with which she considered my sufferings, stung me to the soul, and made me revoke that wish.

Lorenzo's letter roused me to revenge: the impudent avowal of, and triumph in the success of his villany, made me determine to put an end to that happiness he boasted as the fruit of it: but, this purpose I kept secret in my own breast. One passion frequently destroys the effects of another; pining sorrow had wasted my health, but the desire and hope of vengeance accelerated my recovery.

I proposed going to the south of France, where the salubrity of the air might render my recovery more speedy. My father approved, and I set out: I fled towards Verona, with all the speed that injured love could make. As my intentions were not those of a ruffian murderer, for I determined to give my spoiler
open

open day, and the full use of his sword; I had no plans to form. I hastened to the palace of Borno; known to the servants, I entered as usual, without ceremony, and as my visit was unexpected, no orders had been given to prevent me.

I passed on in search of the victim of my vengeance, and entered an apartment at one door, just as he was going out at the opposite. 'Turn, Villain! I cried, and *take the name* of this stage in the road to happiness. He turned, surprise and terror seized him for a moment, at the sight of me; but resuming his usual intrepidity, he advanced towards me. I drew, and commanded him to do the like; as I came not to parley, but revenge my injuries. With a haughty air he drew, and assured me, I should soon be quiet on the score of injuries.

Being both of us dextrous at our weapons, several passes were made, without advantage on either side at last, my

sword made its way to his heart, and he fell execrating my success.

I passed on in search of Maria, whom I found alone: Traytrefs, said I, I come to announce the dissolution of a happiness obtained by perfidy; If Lorenzo alone could inspire *your* heart to love, he has inspired *mine* to vengeance. So saying, I threw the bloody sword on the carpet, and left her petrified with astonishment and horror.

I effected my escape, and arrived safe in England, but with no disposition to reside in that place, where my brightest prospects had terminated in such dreadful disappointment. The rebellion had broke out in the North. I procured a commission in the royal army, in hopes that the business of war, might divert my mind from the pangs of disappointed love. I was at the battles of Preston Pans, Falkirk and Culloden. What service

ANTHONY LEGER. 125

vice I did my country, it becomes not me to boast: the sense my superiors had of it, they expressed, by bestowing upon me the rank I now bear. When the rebellion was over, and the peace which soon followed concluded, I obtained an appointment to India, whither I am now going."—

C H A P. XIV.

Story of Captain Williamson continued.

"I Chose to travel by land to India, in hopes I should meet with a variety of incidents which would prevent the frequent returns of melancholly upon my mind. I feared the tediousness and sameness in so long a voyage by sea would give me too much time for reflection upon past scenes. I travelled leisurely through France, and sometimes stopped to amuse myself, when I found the situation of my mind required it.

On such an occasion as this I stopped at Clermont. During my residence here, I became acquainted with a young gentleman, named D'ancourt, he also was a pupil of adversity; and mutual sympathy united our hearts in the strictest
amity.

amity. He was a protestant, whose happiness in love was crossed by the cursed bigotry of the religion of his country. The object of his wishes was Mademoiselle de la Tire, whose family were rigid catholics. These young persons had long regarded each other with mutual affection, and had agreed that as soon as he had sold his estate and remitted the money to Geneva, to retire thither themselves, and unite in that state, which the religion of France forbade them.

Their affairs had not been managed with that secrecy which they ought: by some means her parents had got knowledge of their intentions, and shut her up in the Abbey of St. Geneveuve. Here she had resided the time of her noviciate and had lately by compulsion taken the veil: this last tyranny of the family of La Tire, had compleated Monsr. D'ancourt's despair, and had set their minds quite at ease, with regard to the lady.

His case however did not appear to me to be without remedy ; I undertook to assist him in contriving her escape : and to induce her to engage in our scheme, I undertook to convince her, that vows made by compulsion, and in their own nature contrary to the laws of God, and the end of our being, could not be binding. I advised him to sell his estate, and give out reports, that he intended to travel in order to recover his peace of mind. The family of Mademoiselle de la Tire, were quite easy about any of his movements, as they considered her safely immured within the walls of the Abbey. While therefore he was busy in these affairs, it was my province to transact with the lady.

I very frequently amused myself in conversation with the nuns of the places where I stopped. I had done so ever since I came to Clermont. I visited every Convent in the place, and was particularly frequent at the grate of St. Geneveuve.

neveuue. My being a military man, rendered me less suspicious, as it is customary for those gentlemen to be peculiarly attentive to, and attendant on the ladies. D'ancourt had described the object of his love, a lovely young creature of about eighteen, but a solemn gloom that hung upon her countenance, greatly eclipsed her beauty. She did not at my first arrival, often appear at the grate, and when she did, mixed but little in the conversation. In order to execute my commission, I became particularly assiduous to draw her into chat, and in relating the little pieces of news in the neighbourhood, mentioned as without design, my friendship and intimacy with Monfr. D'ancourt. A deep sigh burst from her heart, and she began to eye me with peculiar attention, which gave me an opportunity by signs, to inform her, I had something to communicate. She found means to receive a

billet unperceived by any of the sisterhood, who were eagerly busy in chat with friends who came to the grate.

This billet informed her of our intention, and entreated her concurrence and counsel in perfecting our scheme. The way of correspondence was now open, and we informed each other by signs, when we had any thing to deliver. To avoid suspicion, I often conversed with the other nuns, and she with other gentlemen, without any other notice of each other, than bare inquiries of health. Her answer to the first billet was such as might be expected, full of scruples about her vow, and fears of the consequences of an attempt to escape. It was the business of love to remove these, the lover's pen succeeded accordingly, and we proceeded to fix our plan of operation.

D'ancourt had secured his property at Geneva, and given out reports that he should quit Clermont on such a day,
which

which was two days prior to that when Mademoiselle de la Tire was to make her escape. He departed at the time appointed, but returned in the evening, and concealed himself at the house of a friend, near Clermont, to be ready at the appointed hour. Mademoiselle had informed me that her cell was next the garden, on the ground floor. One day as a piece of gallantry, we exchanged pocket handkerchiefs; by this artifice, I conveyed to her a bottle of aqua fortis, with directions to corrode a bar of her window with it, to get into the garden, and take one of the ladders which were left standing against the fruit trees, and ascend the wall at such a place where we would be ready on the other side to receive her. Love, ingenuity, and resolution, compleated the design. We received her over the wall, conducted her to the house of D'ancourt's friend, changed her nun's habit for a common dress, got into a Remise, and

drove away toward Switzerland, making all the speed we could until we reached Lausanne.

At Lausanne the lovers joined hands, and fixed their residence. I continued with them some days, participating their happiness, and receiving their thanks. My heart exulted in the pleasure of triumphing over religious cruelty and tyranny, to make two virtuous persons happy. The employment, and the success, tended much to dissipate my own chagrine; though sometimes I could not help contrasting the flight of these lovers, with that of the lost Maria, and the villain Lorenzo.

From Lausanne I went to Marseilles to procure a passage to the Levant. I found a ship, bound for Aleppo, on board of which I embarked, and after a pleasant voyage, landed there. I had often felt while I travelled in France for the disadvantages, and sufferings of a people under arbitrary government, but arbitrary

trary government in France, though a double tyranny, religious and secular, is freedom when compared with the horrid slavery of the people under the Turkish government. It is true the Bassas are accountable to the Porte for the injustice they commit: but they know very well how to invalidate all accusations by a part of the spoils of which they have robbed the people; and then woe be to those who have dared to accuse them. Ibrahim, Bassa of Aleppo, is a monster of cruelty and injustice; yet is in great favour at Constantinople, by reason of the many presents he is continually sending.

To be known to be rich is generally followed by an accusation of crimes, that those riches may be confiscated; hence those who have wealth, dare not enjoy it, but affect the appearance of poverty, especially if they are Greeks. While I was there, a wealthy Greek was accused of some offence against the government.

vernment. Ibrahim sent his officers to seize and bring him before him, it was in vain he urged his innocence of the charge, it was proved that he was rich, and he was obliged to compound for his life by giving up his wealth. When the poor caitif was squeezed of all, he was let go, to accumulate more for another squeezing.

The tyrant is as voluptuous as he is rapacious, and his attention to his pleasures leaves him little leisure to the affairs of government. Through his neglect, a scarcity of provisions prevailed in the city. The lower people rose and surrounding his palace, clamoured for redress; Ibrahim was in his Haram, and did not think it worth while to come out to speak to them. The most abject slaves when roused, are most fierce and unmanagable. The mob finding their complaints neglected, proceeded to outrage, and committed some acts of violence against the Bassa's officers: this

roused

roused him to fury, he put himself at the head of his guards, fell upon the poor unthinking mob, and after murdering a great number of them, ordered their heads to be cut off, and thrown on two heaps before the gate of his palace.

Soon after these troubles were appeased, the Caravan set out, and glad to get at a greater distance from Ibrahim, I joined it. In crossing the Desert, we were often attacked by flying parties of Arabs, but being well guarded we sustained but little loss: at other times, we were annoyed by clouds of sand raised by the wind, which threatened to overwhelm and bury us alive. In this Caravan I met with our good friends and countrymen, Mr. Dermott and Counsellor Burell, whose society alleviated the troubles of the way: so after eight weeks fatigue in travelling, the good providence of God brought us to Suez."

The

136 ADVENTURES OF

The company thanked the captain for his politeness in giving them his story—confessed themselves much entertained with his adventures, and entered into a miscellaneous conversation on the several parts of them. Leger would have related the story of the Beys, as a companion for that of Ibrahim, but was advised to reserve it, as the company might claim in his turn, a larger account of himself and travels.

CHAP.

C HA P. XV.

Story of Mr. Dermott—Remarkable Account of a Highwayman.

THE next day when the company assembled for conversation, Clarinda made the motion for Mr. Dermott to relate his story. That gentleman was going to comply, when they were interrupted, by the brutality of Captain Foggard. One of his men either did not hear, or was inattentive to some orders he had given: the furious commander, struck the poor fellow so violent a blow on the head, with a large stick which he had in his hand, (to support himself, for he was lame) that he fell senseless on the deck: the blood gushing from a large cut which the stick had made.

The

The resentment of the whole crew was raised—it was kindled to flame—all was hurry, noise and confusion. The uproar drew our travellers to the scene of action, just as the enraged mariners had come to a resolution to throw Fogard overboard, run away with the ship, sell her, and provide for their own safety.

Leger, who mortally hated Fogard for looking so narrowly into him, cried, “Damn him, let them throw him overboard, I can conduct the ship safely to Port, never fear.” Happily this was spoke in English, and the enraged crew did not understand it. Captain Williamson rebuked Leger with a look; and sensible that the consequences of a mutiny, must be fatal to the passengers, used all his address to quell it: the other gentlemen joined with him—with much difficulty they prevailed that Fogard should be spared; but not till he had
solemnly

solemnly promised to guard against his passion, and never more to strike a man.

The wounded man was taken care of, and every gentleman brought liquor to the deck, for the sailors to drink themselves into good humour. This incident took up so much time, and so discomposed their spirits, that Mr. Dermott's story was postponed until the next day, when that gentleman related what follows.

“ My story, after that of Captain Williamson, will appear with disadvantage. The incidents of my life contain nothing to make them remarkable in themselves, but some of them have been sufficiently distressing to me, and are the sources of that apparent sorrow, which sometimes overwhelms me, and which has excited a desire in this company to obtain information concerning me.

I am the only son of an eminent and wealthy merchant, in the City of Cork, in Ireland. My father educated me for trade, and when I was of a proper age,
took

took me from school, and placed me in his own compting-house. I grew up to manhood, the darling of my parents, and esteemed and beloved by all their connections. Fortune in every thing seemed to strew my path with flowers, and marked me for her favourite, and in the article of love particularly. The lovely Amelia, was an only daughter of my father's most cordial and intimate friend; her fortune was equal to my own expectation, and it was the warmest wish of parents on both sides, to see us united: but this wish they kept to themselves, depending on the personal and mental qualifications of Amelia for its accomplishment.

The beauty and fortune of Amelia, procured her many admirers, and among them several of high distinction. I had hitherto regarded her only with the affection of a friend. It was the number of her suitors, that awakened my attention to those perfections, which in a long course

course of intimacy I had overlooked. So true is it, that objects with which we are familiar, never strike us, until some auxilliary cause awakens the mind to observation. I now viewed her with the eyes of a lover. **M**y heart was devoted to her alone, but I feared I had too long overlooked such a treasure, and that among so many admirers, some favoured youth had succeeded, in making impressions on her heart. I ventured however, to disclose my passion, and soon, to my inexpressible joy, learned that the happiness I had overlooked, had been reserved for me alone. Amelia had long regarded me with the tenderest affection, and had resolved never to give her hand to another.

Fortune, as I before observed, seemed to mark me for her favourite, and I was a stranger to difficulties and disappointments. As our attachment met the wishes of our parents, nothing could hinder

hinder our union from that quarter. My father, to enable me to provide for a family, divided his fortune and business with me: and the father of my Amelia, on the day of marriage, paid me down ten thousand pounds. Thus love and affluence poured their blessings on my head.

Three years and a half, life rolled on with uninterrupted tranquility and increasing joy, and the thought of distress never entered my heart. Lulled in the lap of prosperity, I was secure, and never dreamed of a change. My Amelia had blessed me during that period, with a son and a daughter; the first was now two years old, a sweet and prattling cherub; the last, six months, the lovely image of her lovely mother. I lived in and for these alone, for they were all the world to me.

Excuse me my friends, if I cannot help moralizing on the uncertainty of human

human happiness, and the folly of thinking ourselves secure in the possession of it. Our disappointments are great, and our afflictions heavy in proportion as the mind is unprepared to bear them; at least this was the case with me. An event in the ordinary course of providence, plunged me at once from the height of felicity into an abyss of woe.

Amelia had an unconquerable prejudice against inoculation, nor could I prevail with her, either for herself or infant, to consent to it: her prejudices arose partly from principles of education, and partly from natural timidity. The small pox appeared upon my little cherub. I would have removed Amelia and the infant from him, but maternal love, would not permit her to leave him to the care of others. The disorder proved fatal to the child—the mother and infant caught it of him; and died also within a few hours of one another.

What

What an awful reverse did this stroke make in my circumstances—the late happy husband and delighted father, was now a miserable and disconsolate mourner. I was never subject to those strong expressions of the passions of the soul, so natural to some constitutions, which break out like a tempest from the clouds. In my prosperity my heart deeply, but tranquilly felt its bliss, and in this sad reverse, a deep, a silent solemn sorrow overwhelmed it. It had been happy for me, if my passions had been more stormy, nature relieves itself by those irruptions, and casts off its burdens, but mine is fixed upon my heart, and is the cause of that frequent gloom that has attracted your notice and excited your enquiry.

Fortune now seemed to hate and persecute her former darling, and in a few months after the first stroke, dealt me a second, which fell upon my circumstances. If the blessings of love and affluence were

at first showered on my head: I now seemed in the way to be deprived of all. Our trade was with the West India Islands, and was large, the fleet was returning, and news of its arrival expected every day; when intelligence came, that most of the ships freighted on our account, were captured by the enemy, or wrecked at sea. To compleat our misfortune, the underwriters failed, and through their bankruptcy, which afforded but a trifling dividend, the weight of the loss fell upon ourselves.

My mother had lately paid the debt of nature: my father, who severely felt the loss of her, and was himself much broken in constitution, sunk under this stroke. As for myself, the recent loss of Amelia and her children, had so filled my soul with grief, as to leave little room for sorrows of a subsequent nature. The parents of Amelia yet lived, and generously offered to divide their fortune

with me ; but I refused, I could not bear the thought that they should be straightened in their declining years. I gathered the remains of my shattered fortune together, and quitted Ireland, in order to embark for the East Indies.

Soon after my arrival in England, I was riding for the air one afternoon, or rather one evening, a few miles from the metropolis ; when a beautiful green lane, which seemed to wind among fields of different sorts of culture, caught my eye. I turned into it, and rode delighted about half a mile ; when a man came riding after me : he came up, and crossing my horse's head, presented a pistol and demanded my money. He had a black crape over part of his face, which disguised his features, but his age seemed to be about forty : he seemed much agitated, and the hand which held the pistol, trembled exceedingly.

A thought started to attempt to take him, when with a mournful, tremulous voice,

voice, he requested me not to trifle, for he was in haste. I observed, as he spoke, the tears to run down the cheek which was uncovered, and the thought of taking him, gave place to a determination to endeavour to save him from ruin. 'You trifle with me, Sir,' said he, 'I am in haste; I beseech you do not drive me to extremities.' I do not mean it, said I, but I will not be robbed. If you are the child of misfortune, tell me the nature of your distresses; I have a heart to feel, and perhaps power to relieve, and I have courage to defend myself against rapine and plunder.

He put up his pistol, saying, 'I am the child of misfortune indeed, and nothing but the deepest distress, could have driven me to the rash action I have now committed. I am glad your resolution prevented me from taking your property—I surrender to your mercy, do with me what you will.'

The dejected air with which he delivered himself, moved me greatly. I mean you no harm, said I, tell me who and what you are? for I feel an interest in your concerns. ‘Who I am,’ said he, ‘shame for my rashness makes me wish to conceal; but what I am, you shall know without reserve.

‘I am a tradesman in the city—I have a wife who now lies in, I have ten children, and an aged mother whose age and infirmities have rendered her almost helpless: these all depend on me for subsistence.—I have met with losses in trade, which has greatly embarrassed me as to making my payments, and supporting my credit.—I have a payment to make to-morrow, and have not the money ready, nor have I been able to borrow it. I know my creditor to be merciless—an arrest will bring the rest of my creditors upon me—my ruin will be the consequence—and what will become of all those helpless beings who depend upon

on me !—Could I stop this gap, I could retrieve myself, and might live honourably and happily ; but I see no way of doing it. I sat in my counting house this afternoon, pondering these things, until my heart was almost broken—the horrors of a jail stared me in the face—the thought of my wife, my children, my aged mother being cast upon the world, harrowed up my soul, and I resolved to make one desperate effort to save myself and them. I took to the road, purposing not to return until I had collected the necessary sum.

Several opportunities for my shocking purpose have offered, but my conscience had deprived me of courage ; till seeing you turn into this lane, I was tempted to make trial—the rest you know.’

And what is the sum, said I, that will deliver you from this dilemma ? He shook his head—I urged my question : ‘ Alas, said he, ‘ could I hope from your compassion the assistance of a few

H 3

guineas,

guineas, they would not relieve me, the sum is fifty pounds.'

I took from my pocket-book bank notes to the amount: take these, said I, make a good use of them, but take care how you tempt providence again; consider how you have blindly rushed on all the evils you feared, besides a premature and ignominious death. The man gazed on me with astonishment—the tears flowing in abundance down his face. 'No, I will not,' said he, 'accept it as a gift; I do not want to impose on generosity and goodness—give me your address, and in three months you shall receive it again with thanks.'

He took my address, expressed a thousand benedictions, and set spurs to his horse, with a heart seemingly as light as a feather."—

C H A P. XIV.

The Story of Dermott, continued.

“**A**T the end of three months, a letter was left at my lodgings, addressed to me: I found, on opening it, bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds. I have carefully preserved the letter, as a valuable manuscript, and as it will best speak for the writer, will read it.”

“SIR,

I return you with ten thousand thanks, the money you lent me in the Green lane; to have added the lawful interest to it, though but just, I feared would offend your generosity: I have forborne to do it from delicacy, whether true or false,

H 4

I know

know not; if I have erred, your goodness will forgive me. I have the satisfaction to inform you, that by your assistance my affairs are in such a train, that I have little to fear, or rather I have much to hope, that through the blessing of that gracious providence which made you my preserver, I shall be able to pay every one their own, and provide comfortably for my dear family. My little boy who was just born at the time of my distress, I have named after you, that the dear and honoured name of Dermott may be in constant repetition among those who owe all their present happiness to it.

Best of men! how shall I speak the sentiments of my soul! how praise you as I ought!—Image of that God who delights in mercy, you could distinguish between the bold offender, the rapacious robber, and the unhappy, who erred through strong temptation—you saved where you might have destroyed—you relieved

relieved with abundance, where you might have punished with an ignominious death—you have rendered a family happy, whom you might without blame have covered with infamy and distress—my aged mother lifts her withered hands in supplication for blessings on your head; and my affectionate wife cannot restrain the tear of gratitude, while she calls her infant by your endeared name.

I look back with trembling on the gulph of perdition I have escaped. Had I attacked another but you, his timidity might have permitted me to rob him, success would have encouraged me to persevere, and the repetition of crimes have hardened my heart to commit them without remorse, until justice had overtaken me. Your words have sunk deep into my heart, I will never more tempt providence, be my trials what they may, for such a deliverance is not again to be expected.

Were I to repeat my thanks ten thousand times, I should never feel my obligations less—go best of men where ever you may, the reward of self-approbation will follow you—and the blessing of those who were ready to perish, come upon you. Amen.”

While Mr. Dermott was putting up the letter, counsellor Burrell broke silence. “By my soul,” cried he, “this fellow writes above the stile of a common tradesman, he has a smack too of the pathetic—the art of moving the passions—pity but he had been bred to the law—his knack at words, with proper cultivation, might have made some figure at the bar; but after all, words are but words.” “True,” said captain Williamson, looking archly at him and Leger; “With lawyers it is pretty much the case, the tongue and the heart have little affinity, that this man’s words are the language of his heart, I think he has given proof by his actions: had he

he been bred to the bar, it is a hundred to one that he had kept the fifty pounds, and shewed his gratitude *for not being brought to the bar*, and in a letter of pathetic words only."

"I think," said Leger, "That both in stile and sentiment, the letter has a smack of the tub, and that without further cultivation, the fellow would do excellently well to mount the rostrum among fanatics, especially after so remarkable a conversion. I differ much from my brother lawyer, and believe that no cultivation would fit him for the bar."

"Very true," said the captain again, archly, "Unless we could dissolve the alliance between his heart and words: besides as you very judiciously remark, that smack of the tub spoils him for a lawyer. The conversion of rogues to honesty, could it become universal, would ruin all the long robe for want of employment."

"A truce with your jokes, captain," said Burrell, "for all that fine letter there, I think it was a romantic piece of business, to let a highwayman escape; and madness more than generosity, to reward him with fifty pounds. The fellow had broke the law, he had incurred the penalty.—Did he not put him in bodily fear and danger of his life? Our friend Dermott ought to have collared the rascal, and delivered him up to justice. It was a duty he owed to the public."

Dermott finding himself thus attacked, demanded permission to be heard in justification of his conduct. "However romantic a piece of business it may be to let a highwayman escape, I had," said he, "rather let a thousand escape than hang one—unless I had reason to believe, he would bring himself to that end in spite of mercy."

Where the heart is not hardened, there is hope of reformation, if mercy be extended. It is the fear of inexorable

ble

ble justice, which prevents many from returning to the path of duty. It may be very improper to make any provision of mercy in law; but it is in every one's power to prosecute or pardon, as his judgment of the case shall direct him.

As to my own conduct, I had before me a man whose behaviour shewed he was not a hardened robber; his dejection indicated some extraordinary cause for his being so at all. I thought if I could remove the cause, the effect would cease, and that one member restored to the community, was better in every point of view, than one cut off.

The learned gentleman's remark of duty owed to the public, falls to the ground in my case; for if there is any analogy between the natural body and the body politic, I reason thus; he must be a fool or a madman, who in a disorder of a member of the former, would prescribe

prescribe amputation, when lenient ointments would effect a cure.

The fifty pounds was no reward for being a robber, but the generous offering of a feeling heart to misery, occasioned by feeling for others. Had I never received that letter, my heart would never have called me fool; but having received it, I triumph in my success as well as my motive. Perhaps my feeling for his distress, and my notions of mercy to offenders when not incorrigible, may have as strong a smack of the tub, as his sentiments of gratitude: be it so, I leave gentlemen to their own sentiments and feelings, but shall not easily be made ashamed of mine, or of my convert's."

The lawyers looked at one another, Burrell sneered, and thought the law should have its course: but Leger, ever ready at a *shift*, said, "He highly approved Mr. Dermott's sentiments and conduct, and that as to the matter of
the

the tub, it was mere pleasantry and joke, and meant no more than that the man was fitter for a preacher than a pleader. Captain Williamson smiled, and the affair dropped.

The debate about the highwayman, had interrupted Mr. Dermott's narrative, which however was resumed the next day as follows.

"I informed you," said he, "That my design was to go to the East Indies. My business in London was to obtain permission of the company, to go as a free merchant. This done, I embarked for Seville, where a particular friend of mine had settled a few years before, and whom I was greatly desirous of seeing. There I waited an opportunity of some ship going up the Mediterranean. It was not long before one was ready to sail for Messina, from whence I purposed to take my chance for a passage to the Levant.

Jealousy and bloody revenge is the curse of Spain as well as Italy. One evening

evening rather late, I was assaulted by a man who appeared to be frantic with fury. I parried several of his thrusts, and attempted to reason with him, but he reviled me in most opprobrious terms; from which I learned, he had taken me for his rival, for whom he was waiting. He charged my attempts to undeceive him with cowardice and falsehood, and continued to assault me with the rage of madness. I could no longer act on the defensive, I ran him through the body, and left him dead on the spot. My victory does me no credit as a swordsman, for my adversary, intent on nothing but destroying me, neglected in his fury all guard of himself.

How different were the sensations with which I quitted this spot, from those with which I quitted the Green Lane. I mourned, I sincerely mourned over the unhappy man I had destroyed. I was shocked at the thought that I had taken away the life of a fellow creature, but I was justified in my own conscience;

ence ; I would gladly have spared his life, could I have preserved my own. With a heart full of sorrow I returned to the house of my friend, but said not a word of what had happened.

The next morning while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that a general consternation had overspread Seville ; that Don Grida, the son of a grandee of Spain, was found murdered in the street, but no one could suspect by whom, or upon what account he was murdered. I took an opportunity of communicating to my friend, alone, the whole affair, and asked his advice, concerning delivering myself up to justice, that I might be acquitted by fair trial. ‘ By no means,’ said he, ‘ there are no witnesses for you, and your own testimony will not be credited in Spain, though there are no witnesses against you. Beside the power of Don Jago de Sorba, his father, is so great, that you would be sacrificed to the resentment of the family, in spite of justice. Be silent, you

you will soon quit Seville, and be out of their reach.'

"The ship sailed that afternoon, and as the wind was fair, we had a quick passage. When we were within a few leagues of Messina, we were pursued by a Barbary Corsair, and so close was the chase, that we were almost within reach of her guns, when we made the entrance of the harbour, and thus escaped a most dreadful captivity. I took the opportunity of my stay at Messina, to visit Mount *Ætna*, which has been so well and so often described by travellers, that this company can need no information about it; the country that lies round it, and indeed the whole Island of Sicily is extremely beautiful and fruitful. Nothing very material happened during my stay here, nor until my arrival at Aleppo. The rest you have heard by Captain Williamson."

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

Fogard's Villany—Captivity in Hyder Ally's Country—Account of that Prince—Arrival at Madras.

THE two gentlemen having finished their narratives and received thanks, politely observed, that no doubt some remarkable occurrences had happened, in the lives of their fellow travellers, and some entertaining incidents in their journey, they should therefore be much obliged to be gratified with some account of them?

Burrell was one of those mortals, who pass through life with little variety, beside eating, drinking, sleeping, and removing from place to place. Providence seemed to care no more about him, than to minister to his subsistence: too stupid to have many vices to correct,
and

and no virtues to cultivate, he had led the life of common animality : he had just sense enough to know, that he had nothing to say that was worth the hearing, so waved the matter in favour of Leger. He could not oblige him more, his long taciturnity had been very painful ; he had been so long a hearer, that his tongue was in danger of rusting for want of use, he prepared himself gladly to exercise his favourite member, and relate a tale that should be received with eclat. He was conscious of his powers to embellish real facts, and of his inventive genius with regard to fiction ; When, oh grief of griefs ! Fogard prevented him by a transaction of villany, which made them almost wish they had suffered him to have been buried in the Red Sea.

They were now opposite to Calicut, a Port belonging to Hyder Ally. Fogard dropped anchor, and sent a boat on shore, under pretence of getting some supplies
which

which he wanted, but in fact, to betray his passengers into the hands of the rapacious governor of the place. He sent a letter, informing him what passengers he had on board, that some of them he believed had considerable property, that he would suffer him to seize the ship, on condition that he would afterwards restore it, with a reward for his services.

The boat returned, with the Governor's agreement to the proposal; which Fogard pretended was a promise from the Governor, that on the morrow, they should be supplied with what they wanted. At that time, Hyder was on very indifferent terms with the English, so that our travellers were not very happy at being in his neighbourhood: however, as they were in a French ship, they comforted themselves with the hope of safety.

The next morning, as Leger was on deck, he perceived a bustle on shore, and

and several boats preparing to set off: his fears were alarmed that mischief was intended: he called up his companions who were of the same opinion. They entreated Fogard to weigh anchor, and put out to sea; but he laughed at their fears as foolish, urging the alliance of the French with Hyder Ally, as the protection of his ship, and refused to depart without his supplies.

The boats put off, and advanced toward the ship; they again pressed him to weigh and put to sea. He then pretended it was impossible to escape, and to attempt it would only provoke them to severity. They now fully saw their situation, and from Fogard's tranquillity, had not a doubt of his treachery—Nothing remained for them, but to secure about their persons what they could, of money and papers of consequence, trusting to chance for a possibility of saving them; which appeared more likely this

way

way than to leave them in the ship to be plundered.

The boats were manned with soldiers, who were soon on board the ship, and compelled the passengers to get into one of the boats, while they loaded the others with the plunder. They then rowed to shore, which being flat, would not admit the boats near the water's edge, so that they were obliged to wade a considerable way in the water to get to shore. In this wet condition, they were marched into the town, Clarinda with them by the side of her Esquire, and seemed in his presence to fear no evil. Fogard and his crew, were also for form-sake made prisoners, but soon had their liberty to walk about. The passengers were imprisoned in an old Fort, where they were accommodated with a little straw to lie upon, and fed scantily with the coarsest food. In a small yard, within the Fort, was a hovel, covered with a large kind

kind of reed instead of thatch : in the hollow of one of these reeds, or canes, Leger contrived to hide his cash, in case they should be searched, which however was not done.

The Governor wrote to his master that he had taken some vagrant Englishmen on the Coast, concealed on board a French ship—that he had imprisoned them, and taken care of their effects, and wished to know how he might dispose of them. He hoped the answer would be, to use his own discretion ; for he was a favourite with Hyder, and very much in his confidence.

Hyder sent him orders to keep them prisoners, until he should be at leisure to examine into the matter himself : but whether the multiplicity of his affairs occasioned him to forget them, or the insignificant point of view, in which he considered them as vagrants, made him neglect them ; they remained in prison
several

several weeks without notice, and suffered much through the want of necessaries.

They would have suffered more, but Leger recollected the letter of Moses Ozias, to Alcaro; he had not seen it many a day, and having set no store by it, knew not but it was lost: he searched among his papers, and to his great joy found that he had scrambled it up among them when he left the ship.

How to make use of it was the difficulty, as no one came near them but their guards, and these it might not be safe to trust. Our man of *shifts* however managed the matter, he could read a countenance as well as a law book: he observed one day a sentinel, the lines of whose face encouraged his confidence; he observed too, that the man seemed to commiserate their situation, he resolved to make trial of him. He enquired if a Jew, named Solomon Alcaro, was living in Calicut? He was. Would the soldier convey a note to him? He dared

not, but would procure him a boy who would.

He sent a note by the boy to the Jew, who immediately came to him: he delivered him the letter from Cairo, and the other having read it, promised him all the assistance in his power. He was as good as his word, for he every day sent them something or other to alleviate their sufferings. He visited them often: and having fully learned the nature of their affairs, that they were gentlemen travelling on their own business; he wrote therefore to another Jew at Seringapatam, named Abdial Moscata, who was agent to Hyder Ally, and very necessary to him, to solicit their enlargement. Moscata represented their case to Hyder, who seemed surpris'd to hear they were gentlemen travelling on business, and not vagrants; and immediately ordered them to be sent to Seringapatam,

ringabatam, that he might see and converse with them.

They were conducted up the Mysore country toward the capital under a small guard: they passed through many towns and villages well peopled, and met neither injury nor insult. They were surprized to see the dominions of a reputed tyrant, every where in high cultivation, not an unprofitable spot for more than two hundred miles.

The truth is, Hyder was terrible only to his neighbours, he made war to extend his empire, and secured his conquests by the moderation of his government. He is said to have been of mean extraction, and rose to empire by his bravery and address: It is certain he could neither write nor read, which seems to confirm the report of the meanness of his origin. He served in a low station in the army of the King of Mysore: his address and bravery drew the notice of

his Sovereign upon him, who rewarded his repeated services, by repeatedly exalting him from post to post, until he made him joint commander of his forces with his own son.

The Prince of Mysore, could not brook the exaltation of this favourite, and endeavoured to ruin his interest with the king, by false accusations; and he but too well succeeded to his own ruin. Hyder was beloved by the troops, many of them declared for him, and offered to support him against the falsehood of the Prince, and the mistaken anger of the King. Rather than fall a sacrifice, he put himself at their head, gave battle to the royal party, and obtained a compleat victory.

The Prince fell in battle, the King was taken prisoner, and Hyder took the reins of government into his own hands. His method of treating his royal prisoner was extraordinary—He gave him one of the royal palaces for his residence, permitted him

him to live with the state and dignity of a King, and allowed him a salary suitable to it. He enjoyed his Zenanah and Hooker; he also suffered him to ride about the country wherever he pleased, without any other guard than his own servants.

A conduct so different to that of the rest of the Sovereigns of the East, who invariably destroy or immure those they dethrone, shewed both sagacity and generosity in Hyder. It shewed sagacity, in impressing the minds of his subjects with a favourable opinion of him; and generosity, in rendering the situation of a conquered enemy as eligible as possible. But Hyder's moderation and justice, is not so approvable in all respects: he had an insatiable lust for diamonds, and is said to have possessed as many as would fill a bushel. The treasures of the Princes of India consist much in these precious stones, and whenever Hyder heard that any

of the neighbouring Princes had a good hoard of them, his light armed cavalry, who were swifter than a post, made a sudden irruption into their country, reached the capital, and carried off the diamonds. When this could not be accomplished, the desire of the treasure was a sufficient inducement for serious war, which could not be terminated, without the possession of it. But to return from this digression.

Our travellers arrived at Seringapatam, a considerably large and populous city: here they were allotted a house, not indeed very convenient, but far superior to the old Forte at Calicut: they also enjoyed free liberty of walking where ever they pleased, within the city and its vicinity, and of procuring such provisions as they chose: here they were to stay, until Hyder was at leisure to give them audience.

In this city, was a Roman Catholic church, which was served by a native priest,

ANTHONY LEGER. 175

priest, who had been educated in the seminary at Goa : With him Leger got acquainted, by professing himself a Roman Catholic : though they were ignorant of each others native tongues, they made a tolerable shift to converse in Latin.

Whether it was that the Priest could read countenances as well as Leger, or whether it was his being an Englishman ; but he strongly suspected, that his professing to be a Catholic, was all imposture to obtain his charity. The crafty Black tried him, by requesting him to serve at Mass, and he eyed him through the whole service with critical observation, to see if he made any blunders in responses or gestures. Here our Hero, for once at least, found the benefit of his religious education ; he acquitted himself so well, that the Priest became his fast friend and benefactor ; and he continued a good Catholic so long — as

176 ADVENTURES OF

he stayed at Seringapatam, and had occasion to use the priest's house.

Abdiel Moscata, Hyder Ally's agent, shewed our travellers much kindness, and spoke favourably of them to Hyder, whenever he could introduce their subject: he at last, obtained them an audience, and they received orders to prepare for it the next day. Their preparation was the best they could make, considering their circumstances; but after all they could do, their appearance was rather shabby for gentlemen.

The day came, and they were introduced to the presence by Abdiel Moscata. Hyder received them seated on his Musnud, his second son standing at his right hand, and a number of his officers ranged on each side: he was dressed in white muslin, his turban remarkably large and without ornament, as was his whole dress, except his slippers, which glittered with diamonds. Being entered
just

just within the door of the hall, they made their reverence, and Moscata anounced—The English Gentlemen.

Leger was appointed spokesman, because he had most assurance, and his interpreter could speak the Moors language, which was used in Hyder's court. "How do you do gentlemen?" said Hyder. Leger answered, "They were much better through his goodness—that they had been at Calicutt." He commanded them to come nearer to him, when they advanced and ranged themselves in a row before him—he eyed them with penetrating looks, and asked "Whence they came, and whither they were going?" Leger answered, "They came last from Suez, that having travelled by land to that place, they embarked on board a French ship for Pondicherry, intending to get passage from thence to Calcutta, where they were going on their own private business:—that the French

Captain had officiously given them up to the Governor of Calicut, without any just cause or reason."

The Prince was highly diverted, and laughed heartily at their droll appearance, which put Hyder quite in good humour. Leger apologized for their dress, from their cloaths being seized, and their long confinement in his country. "I see, I see," said he, "you are gentlemen; I have no war with gentlemen going on their own private business, you shall be used well, depend upon it, you shall be used well." He then asked a variety of questions concerning their country, its situation with respect to his —its distance by sea and land—if what had been told him was true concerning countries in the North, which had light one half the year and darkness the other, and how it could be? Having received satisfactory answers, he asked how they were accommodated? and when informed,

ed, seemed displeased they had not been better treated: ordered a house of his own to be prepared for them, and all their wants attended to—promised to see them again in a few days, and repeated his assurance, that they should be used well: they were dismissed, and next day took possession of their new habitation.

Hyder was as good as his word—in a few days they were called to audience again, when he assured them that all their property should be restored: that he had sent order to Calicutt for that purpose: then lifting up his hand, said with vehemence, “If any subject of mine has wronged you, or shall wrong you of ever such a trifle, complain to me, and they shall die.” They thanked him for his goodness, and begged they might soon be permitted to depart.

“In two days” said he, “you shall go, but be generous enough when you arrive at Calcutta, to tell the English what treatment you have received from

me. They have used me ill, and I believe I shall be obliged to make them a visit." Leger answered, that they would certainly make a fair report of the treatment they had met with—that they should always gratefully remember it—that if he thought proper to visit any of the English Settlements, he did not doubt but his countrymen would be prepared to receive him properly. Hyder smiled, and said "That would be known on trial." They were dismissed, and ordered to return on the morrow, to take their leave of him.

On the morrow they returned, when Hyder received them without form, and when they had made their compliments of thanks, and had taken leave, he again charged them to tell their countrymen how he had used them, and made each of them a present of about fifty pounds value. The next day they left Seringapatam, and in five days reached Callicut, where whatever had been taken
from

from them was restored, and they were told they might depart with any ship that suited their conveniency.

Leger now bethought himself of a shift to get a little money. He pretended that with the things belonging to him, was a parcel of money, containing two hundred pounds. Diligent search was made for it in the place where their effects had been deposited, but no such thing could be found. He made a great stir about his money, and Hyder's promise; but Hyder's officers were not so easily gullèd, they knew that no such thing had come into their care, and refused to make it good. They promised to make inquiry after it, and if found, to send it to Calcutta.

This *shift* failing him, he proposed to his companions to go on board a Dutch ship in the harbour, which would sail by Pondicherry, where they might be set on shore, for he was fearful, lest suspicion might arise of his design to
impose,

impose, and consequences follow not quite agreeable. We should have observed, that in all their audiences, Clarinda was omitted; this was done in politeness and delicacy to her sex: the Indian ladies are seldom seen by any but their own relations, and would esteem it the greatest disgrace to be exposed to public view.

They quitted Hyder Ally's country, heartily glad to get from under his power, notwithstanding his courtesy, they were uneasy, while at the disposal of a man whose will is his law. Their conversation as they sailed turned on what they had seen and met with, so that Leger's story was, if not forgotten to be called for, at least dispensed with, and he lost a fine opportunity of exercising his talent at the marvellous.

They arrived at Pondicherry, where they parted company with the two Germans, who had been unsociable companions all the voyage. They here met
with

ANTHONY LEGER. 183

with an English ship going to Madras, and as the hospitable custom in India is, were received on board, and entertained free of expense. At Madras they were obliged to wait some time for a ship bound to Calcutta, but this was a small inconvenience, as they were now among their own countrymen, and Leger had letters of recommendation to a gentleman there, which was the means of introducing them to good company and conversation : and as they had been Hyder's captives, their company was greatly sought after, for the sake of hearing their tale.

The conversation one day falling on the Company's power in their Settlements, Burrell with ostentatious parade produced a paper, signed by several of the directors, specifying their permission, that he should plead in the Supreme Court at Calcutta. "And what pray," said Leger, "would be the consequence if you had not this important paper?" "Certainly, sir,"

fir," said the other, "I should not be suffered to stay in the Settlement, but be sent back again to England."

"Bad news indeed for me," said Leger with a broad grin, "if the doctrine of my learned brother be true, for I have no such authority as he pleads: I never thought it worth my while to apply for it; and if he had the brains of a goose, he would be ashamed of boasting of such patronage.—I have a right as a barrister, to be admitted into any court in his majesty's dominions: if my *learned* brother does not know it, his learning is not very deep."

The peculiar accent with which the word *learned* was pronounced, nettled Burrell, who retorted, "Learned! fir, as learned as yourself! and as deep! I really pity your ignorance, because of the situation into which it has brought you. I tell you, fir, that without the Company's permission, you will not be suffered

ANTHONY LEGER. 185

ferred to stay in the Settlement, I'll bet you a hundred pounds of it."

The assured air with which this was pronounced, terrified Clarinda, and threw her into hysterics: the thought of being sent home as a vagrant, after so many dangers and fatigues, was more than her spirits could bear, and as soon as she was able, she retired, to give vent to her distress by tears.—

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Duel between Leger and Burrell—Arrival
at Calcutta—Chastises a Brother Lawyer
—Connection with Bastion.*

LEGER was much provoked, be-
cause of the effect this altercation
had produced on Clarinda: he called
Burrell a fool and an ass, a dunderhead-
ed fellow, and a scandal to the robe.
The other as plentifully returned the
abuse, until they were both sufficiently
heated by passion. Captain Williamson
winked at Mr. Dermott, whose peace-
able disposition was striving to appease
them, to desist and leave them to
him. He took the hint, satisfied the
goodness of the captain's heart meant
neither

ANTHONY LEGER. 187

neither of them any harm, and sat down quietly to see the event.

They went on abusing each other, until they were hoarse with bawling, and exhibited, to the great diversion of the captain, (who saw all their mettle was in their tongues) the most lively resemblance of the elocution of Billingsgate: he resolved to push the matter to such an issue as should make them both ashamed.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have worded it long enough, none but lawyers would have done it so long. We military men take a much shorter course to decide our affairs. You have each of you so plentifully dealt abuse, that I do not see how either of you, as gentlemen of honour, can avoid demanding satisfaction."

Burrell's face had hitherto been as red as scarlet, but was now as white as ashes. Leger perceived it, and embraced the moment of triumph, by giving a challenge

lenge he believed would not be received. He swore by all that was sacred, if he did not give him the satisfaction of a gentleman, he would insult him in every place, and he should never dare to shew his face in that Court, which the Company had permitted him to plead in.

Captain Williamson again winked at Dermott to second his views, and then proposed the champions meeting at an early hour in the morning, behind the fort, that himself and Mr. Dermott would provide the arms, and attend them as seconds. The mighty men were obliged however unwillingly to consent, and they parted for the night.

Leger went to compose the mind of Clarinda, and Captain Williamson to prepare the deciders of honour. He procured two horse pistols, and after charging them with powder, filled them up with blood, and corked them, blacking the corks, that they might not be perceived.

All

ANTHONY LEGER. 189

All the parties were in the field of battle at the time appointed. The distance was measured, and the combatants took their stations: they fired at the same time, and each took such good aim, that their faces and breasts were sufficiently sprinkled with blood. The seconds now interposed, and pronounced them equal in honour, and reconciliation took place.

They retired immediately from the field, (that proper care might be taken of the wounded,) and they reached their respective lodgings, as it was still early, without being seen. Leger, though he found himself bloody, yet feeling neither pain nor smart, had the curiosity to wipe away the blood, and search for the wound; when finding none, he began to smell the joke, and escaped the ridicule of sending for a surgeon.

Not so poor Burrell, he threw himself upon a sofa, fainting with fear, and sent for a surgeon with all expedition, lest he should bleed to death: when the
surgeon

surgeon came, with piteous moan he besought him in probing his wounds, to put him to as little pain as possible. As the surgeon was taking out his instrument case, he asked how the accident happened. "O sir," said Burrell, "an affair of honour: The poor gentleman I fought with, from the blood I saw, must be much wounded; I hope to God not mortally, for should he die, I shall never, if I live, be easy in my mind again."

The apparatus ready, the surgeon wiped away the blood to look for the wound; when he had cleared it all away and beheld his patient as sound as a roach, he burst into a violent fit of laughter. Burrell stared with astonishment, which made the surgeon shake his sides still more. When angrily demanding the cause of such unseasonable mirth? "Sir," said the surgeon, "it has happened to you as it frequently does to men of little hearts, you are more frightened than hurt;
step

step to the glass, and if you find so much as the scratch of a pin about you, may I never laugh more. I hope to God, the gentleman who fought with you is just as much wounded as yourself, and that the probing of his wounds will give him no more pain. And so good morrow to you, sir."

Burrrell was so confounded he could not speak a word; and the surgeon departed, to relate at all his visits, the adventures of the morning, which soon made the affair public through the Settlement. Both our Heroes felt the ludicrous situation they were in, but Leger trusting to his natural assurance, resolved to join in the laugh, while poor Burrrell unable to stand the ridicule, feigned indisposition to avoid company, as long as he staid at Madras.

Captain Williamson went to Bombay, where the corps was to which he was appointed—Mr. Dermott liking the connection he had formed at Madras, chose
to

to stay and settle there, and our gentlemen of the law set sail for Calcutta by themselves, a circumstance they neither of them regretted, as they were now enabled to keep their own secret about the bloody duel.

On their arrival, they each applied to those friends to whom they had letters of recommendation. Leger and Clarinda resided with a merchant, named Da Castro, until he could be settled in a house of his own. He delivered a number of letters, which introduced him to the acquaintance of several respectable persons, especially to one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who became very friendly, and whose lady honoured Clarinda with her patronage and intimacy. Having formed such respectable connections, he found no difficulty in procuring by means of his Banyan, the loan of five hundred pounds.

He

ANTHONY LEGER. 193

He took an elegant house, had it suitably furnished, and flaunted about in an elegant Palanquin. He was admitted into the Court, as was also Burrell, and soon introduced to a variety of business, and as he was no contemptible lawyer in point of knowledge, his success considerably raised his reputation.

Whenever success attends a professional person, he is sure to be envied by those of the same profession, and every little dirty artifice made use of to lessen him. He is besides frequently the subject of insult, from malevolence and ill-nature. The gentlemen of the robe who were there before him, felt themselves much shagrined at this rising Star in the East, for though his abilities as an orator did not in England raise him to the heights his ambition desired and expected, in this Court, there were few his equals.

One gentleman in particular was so peculiarly rancorous, that he sometimes

forgot the common forms of decency in open Court. Leger had so long born his petulance, that he grew weary of it, and determined to give him a good drubbing the next time he provoked him: for though he was not fond of Gentlemen's weapons, he had acquired some art in boxing, and had no objection to use his fists upon a proper occasion. He waited not long before an opportunity offered.

He was one day pleading in the Court with great warmth, and in his earnestness, some lapses of the tongue escaped him. He overheard his antagonist repeat them with a sneering accent—he took no notice, but finished his pleading and sat down, giving his enemy at the same time a grim significant look, which indicated his knowledge and resentment of his conduct: he observed when he left the Court, and immediately following, got into his Palanquin, and order-

ed the bearers to go at their utmost pace until they overtook him. The Palanquins were soon side by side. "Come down, you blackguard, you scoundrel, cried he, you mean-spirited dirty dog, come down." So saying, he seized him by the collar, and they both came to the ground together, where he pummelled him until he could hardly crawl.

This chastisement answered the end, and produced a more respectful behaviour, both from the sufferer, and others who profited by his sufferings; for there are many contemptible wretches, who dare despise and insult persons superior in qualifications, when they think they may do it with impunity, while they are awed to good manners, for fear of the fists of a porter or drayman.

Amongst the clients his bustling and intripid spirit procured him, was Colonel Bastion; who had amassed an amazing

fortune in India, and held an important post in the military department: this man was proud, overbearing, and not a little sensible of the power and consequence his fortune and situation gave him; but a fast and generous friend to his dependants and creatures.

To him Leger attached himself as the means of speedily raising his fortune, and sacrificed for his patronage, all his other prospects: for the Colonel promised soon to take him with him to England, where by his interest, which was great, he would seat him in the Senate among the Nabobs. This flattering prospect filled his heart, and almost turned his head; —the thought of shining in his own country—the idea of the effects his political knowledge, and more than Ciceronian eloquence would produce in parliament, intoxicated him; and all his powers and services were devoted to Colonel Bastion.

Party

ANTHONY LEGER. 197

Party matters ran high in India at this time : the Governor-general, and most of the members of the Supreme Council, clashed in their measures. Of the Governor's party was the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice of which, was supposed to influence and guide his conduct. With the Council, Colonel Bastion joined his interest : both parties had their adherents, though the Governor's party was by far the largest. Leger pretended, that his conscience would not let him join the Governor's party, but for this we shall not give him credit. However, had that been the case, if he had observed a perfect neutrality, as he was advised at his first arrival, he would in the course of his profession, have made a fortune in a few years. Neutrality by no means suited his meddling disposition, and his bright British prospects determined his choice.

C H A P. XIX.

*The Printer—the Zenanah—Parts with
Clarinda—Leaves Calcutta—Goes to
the West-Indies—Story of Mr. Jacob
Powell.*

L EGER warmly espoused the interest of Bastion and his party, and loudly declaimed against the mal-administration of the chiefs of the opposite side: he lampooned and libelled them in the public news papers; in pamphlets, and in slips and hand-bills; particularly the Chief Justice, to whose person, character, and family he shewed no mercy—As his talent for abuse was great, he sufficiently galled and vexed his adversaries—they knew who it was that stung them, but could get no legal proof against him: their vengeance however fell upon the printer,

printer, who was indicted for printing and publishing a libel, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment. Leger pleaded his cause on his trial, but in vain; the Court detested the counsel, and resolved to punish the prisoner.

The printer cohabited with a woman not his wife, and had a number of children by her. The Chief Justice had also, as was supposed, a few children out of the legal pale. When he was going to pass sentence, the printer pleaded for a mitigation of his punishment, on account of the number of his children. The Chief Justice sternly replied, "That the number of his children, who were the offspring of his vices, was no plea for a mitigation of the punishment of his crimes." The printer looked round the Court with an arch leer, and replied, "If I am blamed for having children, the offspring of my vices, I believe there are some in this Court as reprehensible as myself."

The whole Court felt the justice of the repartee, and expressed their sense of it, by an universal tittering. The nettled Chief Justice, cried, "Thou art a fool and an ass:" and proceeded to pass the sentence.

Though Leger evaded the vengeance of the Court, in the way of legal punishment, he felt their influence with regard to his profession, as far as that influence could extend; he lost his business, many dared not employ him, for fear of offending; and others thought it not prudent to venture their interest with a man, who was hateful to the whole Bench; for he had trimmed them all in their turns: so he was left solely to the care of his patron.

During the time that he possessed any business at all, he was employed in a cause in which it was necessary for an Indian lady to sign a certain Deed. She was of considerable rank, and resided at Muxadabad, the capital of Bengal, and
about

about three hundred miles from Calcutta. We have noticed before the peculiar delicacy of the Indian ladies, with regard to being seen, especially by men, except their parents, husbands, and brothers. The higher their rank, the greater their delicacy in this point. Leger had a strong inclination to see Muxadabad, and a stronger to see this lady, and penetrate the sacred recess of a Zenanah : whatever craft and perseverance could carry he was sure to accomplish. This Deed, he pretended, was of too much consequence to be trusted in other hands than his own, to be conveyed to Muxadabad. When he arrived there, it was necessary for him to see the lady sign it. This she absolutely refused, and requested it might be conveyed to her by one whom it was lawful for her to see, and who might witness her signing. Leger was inflexible, he must see it done himself; message succeeded message, and both parties were

immoveable. The lady would not be seen by him, and he was determined he would see her, and so continued the plea of a legal necessity. At last, he threatened to return without the business being done—the lady was compelled to comply, and he entered the Zenanah, attended by two of her brothers.

Covetousness was none of the vices of Leger, nor was œconomy one of his virtues. He continued to live in splendor with little to support it, until his debts were greatly encreased, and his credit sunk. He had indulged in several amours, with the ladies of the Blue Squad, as it is called, who are a mixed breed between Europeans and Natives. Clarinda had been informed of it, and resented it. She was sincerely and gratefully attached to the lady her patronness, and consequently espoused her party: she was provoked with him for his folly and ingratitude in opposing it—she fore-

saw

saw the ruin into which he was plunging, and remonstrated. Impatient of contradiction, he quarrelled with her—they parted—and she left him to his fate.

Our Hero's circumstances became more and more embarrassed, and he was obliged frequently to retire for fear of arrests. The little Dutch Settlement of Chinsera, a few miles higher up the Ganges, was very convenient to him on these occasions: and sometimes Colonel Bastion's country house, served him as a retreat from danger. He weathered the storms of adversity as long as he could, till all shifts, failing him, after two years inglorious stay in India, he found it necessary to retire.

In this dilemma, he had recourse to his patron, who undertook to manage his escape. Intending himself to return to England in about two years, he sent him before him, in quality of agent, to transact some business for him at home, and

put

put two hundred pounds in his pocket, as advance money of the benefits he promised him. Until a ship should sail, he was concealed at the Colonel's country house; and when that period arrived, he went on board in the habit of a private sailor, to evade suspicion. The inglorious manner in which he quitted India, did not in the least dispirit him, he had two hundred pounds in his pocket, and he had the flattering prospect of the Colonel's following him, when he expected to rise to the zenith of glory.

Our Hero's disappointments were not to end so soon as he expected. They were taken by a French privateer, and carried into Martinique. In this captivity, he thought it pity any of his shiftable qualifications should be useless; he assumed once more the religion of his youth, and being among Catholics, was a very good Catholic himself: many civilities were shewn him on this account,
and

and benefits conferred, which he would have missed under the denomination of a heretic.

As the war ended soon after, his captivity was of short duration, and on his enlargement, he went to St. Vincents, in order to wait there for a passage to England. As the people of the West India Islands are remarkably sociable, it was no difficult matter for one who was a stranger to all timidity and bashfulness, to scrape acquaintance. A wealthy planter was much taken with him, and indeed his address, vivacity, and knowledge of the world, rendered him no unpleasant companion. This Gentleman invited him to take up his residence with him, while he stayed on the Island, a favour which our Hero thankfully accepted.

Mr. Powell, was a man of sobriety and rational religion; he had in his youth been wild and untoward, but distresses and sufferings had awakened the principles

ciples of a good education, and brought him to his senses : he was now a man of most excellent virtues. He studied every means to render his guest happy, and was so well pleased with his conversation, that he wished the time of his departure further off than it was. Leger knew how to assimilate himself to every character he conversed with, when it suited his turn; and could flatter a benefactor with as much address, as he could abuse a Governor General or Chief Justice of Bengal, with virulence.

Mr. Powell was blessed with an amiable wife, and several lovely children, he was industrious, and providence blessed him with success, for the wealth which he had, was all his own acquiring, except the plantation itself, which came to him by Mrs. Powell. He would often in conversation with Leger, affectingly mention the goodness of God, in his present lot, especially when contrasted
with

with former situations and circumstances. For though no enthusiast he often conversed on serious and religious subjects.

Leger's curiosity was excited to know what those former situations and circumstances were. He one day signified his desire, which Mr. Powell readily complied with, and spoke as follows.

"I think myself bound," said he, "in gratitude to God for his goodness to me, to give you the recital you request. I am the eldest son of a gentleman in Somersetshire, of small estate and large family. My parents instilled into my mind from earliest infancy, those principles of religion which have since been of infinite service to me. I will therefore never be ashamed of professing them, though profligates should scoff at me for it. I had the best education the country could afford, and as the family was large, my father instead of sending me to the university, sent me to London, and bound me apprentice to an eminent merchant.

merchant.—My master was a good sort of a man in his way; but while I attended to his business, gave himself no concern what I did with myself in my hours of relaxation.—He kept a country house, to which he constantly went every Saturday afternoon, and returned on Monday morning, leaving me to dispose of myself as I pleased. Being of a sociable disposition, I soon formed a circle of acquaintance, and as I went up to town a raw country lad, I was wonderfully taken with the dress and airs of the petit maitres, and chose for my intimates the compleatest puppies I could find.

The evenings of every day, and the whole of Sunday, was devoted to these associates, and my improvement by their society was such, that in a short time I had cast off most of the moral restraints my education had laid upon my conscience, and was as proud, profligate, and atheistical as the worst of them.

I shall pass over a number of infamous practices into which they led me, and come at once to that fact which put an end to my career. We had been raking about one Sunday in the vicinity of London, myself and three others; we had warmed ourselves with liquor and melted our cash. We still wanted another debauch, which was, as we had spent the day with spirit, to crown the evening with love; but the means was wanting. One of the company (who I have since learned, had in his indigencies collected a trifle without detection) proposed that we should levy a contribution for our pleasures upon some square-toes who looked as if he could spare it: it was agreed, and we attacked a gentleman near Cavendish Square. As from our appearance, he did not think we were serious, he growled at our impertinence and was walking off, when one of our chaps knocked him down. As soon as he recovered the blow, he called out, Watch, thieves, murder,

der. With no other view than to silence him by fear, Damn him, said I, cut his throat and stop his bawling. By this time the watch and others were advancing, my companions fled, and I was taken.

The next day, before the magistrate, neither promises nor threats could induce me to betray my companions. I pretended that our attack was only in joke, and the consequence of liquor. I trusted that my master's weight and influence, and the credit of my family would bring me off. I sent immediate notice of my situation, that my master on returning to town might procure my enlargement, of which I entertained no doubt. I was however committed to Newgate, and it being sessions, was the next day called to my trial.

My master laboured hard to persuade my prosecutor not to appear—he pleaded the honesty with which I had served him, and my youth, for I was not yet
eighteen:

ANTHONY LEGER. 211

eighteen : but all was in vain. I had so terrified him by calling out to cut his throat, that he was inexorable—my trial came on—it was short, for the facts were soon proved—I urged in my defence, as I had done before the justice, that it was a joke and the effects of liquor. Many persons appeared to my character, and my foolish hope of acquittance still supported me, when the Jury, without going out of Court, gave their verdict, Guilty of Death.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

“IT is impossible to describe the terror that seized on me at this moment—a judgment so unexpected overwhelmed me at first with astonishment—but I soon awaked to all the horrors of my wretched situation—death in itself was dreadful to one so young, and who had so strong a gust for the pleasures of life—but to die as a felon—and leave an eternal brand of infamy on my name, was more than I could support the thought of—I sunk under it, and was taken senseless from the bar. When I recovered my senses, reflection rolled in upon me like a tide. My dear parents, thought I, how will they bear the heavy tidings of my situation!—my dear brothers and sister,
how

how will they bear the shock ! and after the first violence of grief is over, how will they shrink from the recollection that they had an elder brother the pride and hope of the family, who suffered death as a common malefactor !

Agitated by the thoughts of my own lost situation, and the bitter griefs I had brought on my family and friends, I had not adverted with one penitent thought to the folly and wickedness of my conduct, as the cause of all. I was brought to the bar to receive my sentence—my youth—and the distress and anguish imprinted on my countenance, drew tears from the spectators. I was asked if I had any reasons to offer why sentence of death should not be passed upon me ?—I urged and pleaded as well as my tears (which almost choaked me) would permit, That I was the son of a gentleman of property and character—that I had been well educated, and had never
through

through my whole life entertained a thought injurious to the property of another—that the fact of which I had been found guilty, arose from the levity of youth, and the manner in which we had spent the day, rather than from any wicked design—that in the expressions I had used, and which had been urged against me with peculiar force upon my trial, I had no cruel meaning. I was heard with patient attention, and when I had concluded, the Judge addressed me to the following purport.

He observed, That my worthy family was greatly to be pitied for having such an unhappy and unworthy member belonging to it—that their worth, so far from extenuating my crime, was a circumstance that greatly aggravated my guilt, as I ought to have conducted myself worthy of them—that no privileges of birth could sanctify depredation and robbery—that as I had been well educated, the principles of that education should

ANTHONY LEGER. 215

should have preserved me from committing crimes like mine, and they would certainly have done so, if I had attended to them instead of hearkening to the wicked counsels of lewd and dissolute young fellows. He expatiated much upon the sin and danger of spending the Lord's day in that idle and dissipated manner I had done the day on which my crime was committed—that God only knew the intention of the mind, but when cruel threatenings were uttered by abandoned young fellows in the very act of robbery and plunder, it was natural to fear every thing from their meaning—He exhorted me with great earnestness and affection, to repentance and preparation for a future state—lamenting that one so young should be cut off by an untimely death, and with many tears, proceeded to pass the awful sentence.

Whilst the Judge was speaking, I felt as well as heard his words. Conviction like lightening, darted through my soul,
and

and I felt myself condemned in my own conscience. I withdrew in mournful silence from the bar, and when I got to my apartments in the prison, set me down to weep and think. But oh! how painful were those thoughts! I recollected the pious instructions of my parents—the peace and happiness of my own mind, while I was innocent, and under the influence of those instructions; and lamented too late, my folly in casting off the restraints they laid upon my passions—I saw every thing in a new light, the liberty which my master gave me, and which I had considered as my greatest privilege, now appeared to have been my bane and curse—I could not help exclaiming, Cruel man! to leave an inexperienced boy to be driven by his own passions!—to leave him exposed to the allurements of the vicious and their vices without a monitor to warn him! but you cared for nothing but your own interest, and while I attended to that, cared

not

not what became of mine.—Unhappy parents ! little did you think your darling boy was left exposed a prey to worse than vultures—cruel master ! your neglect of inspecting into my conduct, was the introduction to all my vices, and to what dreadful perdition have they brought me !

Then my reflections turned inward on myself, and I took a sad retrospect of the paths of vice in which I had trod, and marked how one evil led on to a greater. I cursed my folly for suffering myself to be seduced from the principles of virtue and morality, and from that pious reverence for God and for his laws, which had been cultivated in my mind with so much care. Wretch that I am, cried I, to slight the counsels of an affectionate father and friend, and despise the sollicitudes of the best of mothers, to attend to the dictates of fools, fops and unprincipled libertines ! and where are now these sage advisers ? these

companions and examples of wickedness? Do they come to console me in my distress? alas, they dare not: perhaps they are trembling with horror lest I should discover my accomplices. But *my* death alone shall suffice for this transaction. And oh God of mercy, grant it may be a warning to them!

The Ordinary of the prison, greatly assisted me in my preparation for death: he repeated to me the threatenings of God against transgressors—and pointed out to my conscience the justness of them with respect to *me*. When he saw me tremble at the awful prospects he opened before me, he proposed for my relief, the promises of mercy to penitent sinners.—‘You must,’ said he, ‘expect to suffer the sentence of the law in this world, but God who tries the heart’—Leger began to yawn—‘I see (said Mr Powell) my story is tedious, and the gravity of the subject vapours you. I ask your pardon, I will desist: but as

these

these things are written upon my heart, and I hope will never be obliterated, I speak from that source of feeling."—

"No, by my soul," cried Leger, rousing himself, "upon my honour I am all attention, our walk has brought on a little bodily langour, but my mind is all awake. A little rumbo will set me to rights—my service to you—proceed, and let me know how you got out of this damned scrape"—Powell smiled, but not with approbation. He proceeded,

"God, said the chaplain, who tries the heart is, beside yourself, the only judge of the sincerity of your repentance. If your repentance is sincere, you may confide in his mercy for pardon. I will point you to passages of scripture, where he addresses penitents with the affection of a father. But take heed of deceiving yourself; for that repentance which is considered only as a means of dying safely as to another world, is a most dreadful delusion, and is I fear the de

stroyer of many who go from hence as malefactors—let me exhort you to forget for a moment that you are to die—consider yourself as going forth of this prison to live again in the world, and let your heart tell you faithfully what kind of man you intend to be. For that repentance that will not do to live by, will not do to die by.”——

Leger yawned again—“I will relieve you,” said Powell. “I have almost done with these preachments. While the Ordinary was preparing me for death, my dear father was labouring for my life. My master had written to him an account of what had happened—he had hastened up to town, leaving my dear mother almost distracted—he flew to my apartment in the prison—I had no previous notice of his coming—and when he entered, I dropped at his feet in a swoon. As soon as I recovered, I raised myself on my knees, and as he held my hands in his, I bathed his hands with my tears.

Alas,

Alas, my father! said I, you have begotten a son to your shame, and to the reproach of her who bear him—I dare not look up to you—but if you *can* forgive, sooth my agonizing heart with the voice of paternal tenderness—say you come not to reproach me—your reproaches joined to those of my own conscience, will be more than I can bear. I dare not ask after my mother, my brothers and sisters.—Oh that I alone could suffer—but I have involved them all in wretchedness.

‘My child,’ said the dear good man, you have indeed involved us in all wretchedness—but I come not to reproach you—I came to endeavour to awaken your conscience to repentance, which I feared your crimes had hardened—and it is the greatest consolation I could hope for in your miserable situation, to find you contrite—I forgive you, and pray that God may forgive you’.—‘He

embraced me—wept on my neck and kissed me—but he groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

The sensations we both felt, required the interview to be short, for we could neither of us support them. He daily visited me, and by his conversation, endeavoured to make such serious impressions on my mind, as were suited to my circumstances. His absence from me he employed in solicitations for my life, but this he kept secret from me, that he might confirm me in the habits of repentance, which the hopes of life might have hindered. As he was a man of some weight and consequence, in the county where he lived, his interest at last prevailed, and he obtained the royal mercy, on condition that I should transport myself for life.”——

C H A P. XXI.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

‘**S**ON,’ said he, one day as we were conversing, ‘I have hitherto hoped your repentance sincere, it can be only hope, for what evidence can I have that it is so? You repent in the prospect of death: and like many on a sick bed, may have no motive but the fear of death, in whom recovery obliterates all their penitence.’ Father, said I, my prospect of death has rendered it in some measure familiar, and my hopes of mercy, from the fountain of mercy, has divested it of much of its terror. It is impossible for me to have the trial you speak of—but if it were, I think I should retain my present sentiments, because it

is my crimes, as crimes that I repent of, as well as the consequences they have brought upon me.

‘ You shall have the trial I speak of,’ said he, ‘ The King has pardoned you—your father has forgiven you—but if you abuse this mercy, you cannot hope forgiveness from God.’ And have you my father! been twice the giver of life to me? I receive the gift with gratitude to Heaven—to my merciful Sovereign, and to you: my future conduct to all three, shall manifest that gratitude to be unfeigned. Oh that the life I first derived from you, had been less productive of sorrow to you and my dear mother! my future shall strive to atone.

‘ My child,’ said he, ‘ you will still be in a manner dead to me: I must soon part with you to see you no more—the condition of your pardon is to be a perpetual exile. Go, and may God be your guide. But should I hear that you re-
turn

turn again to folly, I shall regret that I saved you now from an ignominious death.'

The next sessions, I pleaded my pardon at the bar, and was delivered to my friends, to be by them sent abroad. My mother, brothers and sisters, came to town, and took a sorrowful and affectionate leave of me. I was put on board a ship bound for Norfolk, in Virginia. My father wrote by me to a correspondent there, recommending me to his care and direction, in the disposal of my lot, and we parted with many tears.

When we had nearly finished our voyage, a dreadful storm arose, which had like to have stopped us short of our port. We several times shipped a prodigious sea, and with indefatigable labour at the pumps, could barely keep above water. Here death stared me in the face again, and as a mind once harrowed with the guilt of crimes, is ever

ready to fear, so I thought the hand of God still pursued me.

The storm lasted several hours, and the several scenes it occasioned to be exhibited, afforded me opportunities of remarking the variations of the human mind, when differently circumstanced. Some of the most daring and intrepid spirits in the cause of wickedness, were now seized with fits of devotion; and others, with that guilty horror that incapacitated them for their necessary duties. With the latter, I sincerely sympathized: they brought to recollection, the distress I myself suffered when the Jury brought me in guilty of death.

The storm abated, and a few days brought us safe, though almost a wreck, to our Port. Glad to have escaped the dangers of the seas, I began to think my troubles over, and indulged myself with the pleasing hope, that I should

now

now live happily, because I determined to live virtuously. I hastened to find my father's correspondent, by whose assistance, I expected to be put in some way of honest livelihood; but to my great disappointment, he had been dead more than a year, and his family dispersed to distant places. In this dilemma, I applied to the captain who had brought me over, told him my disappointment, and begged him to recommend me to some of his friends.

He heard me with seeming patience, then with a surly air, 'Young fellow,' said he, 'I do not know you sufficiently. I cannot suppose you would have left England to seek a dead man, if you could have staid there: you may be a convict, for any thing I know, I shall not recommend you, and run the hazard of injuring my friends. If your passage had not been paid, I would take you to

the slave market, and dispose of you there, but as I am paid, you may go to the devil.'

I left this brute, stung both with shame for the truth of his remark, that I might be a convict, and with indignation for his unfeeling barbarity. I was not however discouraged — I frequented the Coffee-houses daily, in hope of getting acquainted with some persons, who could either give me employment themselves, or recommend me to others. I offered myself to several, to serve them in the capacity of clerk, steward or overseer—and left the terms to themselves, but all was in vain. Their denials indeed were more civil than the captain's, but they left me in the same situation.

Months passed away, and my cash passed with them. It was nearly gone. I had been long uneasy. I now became seriously distressed: I had no alternative
but

but to starve, or follow the captain's hint, to go into the slave market, and sell myself—both appeared dreadful, and I began to regret that I had twice escaped from death. I was sitting one day in a coffee-house, musing on my wretchedness, with a news-paper in my hand, as if reading. An elderly gentleman entered, of a grave and venerable aspect, the image and resemblance of my dear father, but somewhat older.

A tear started from my eye, at sight of him, I looked down on the paper to conceal it. The tear dropped on the paper, and I wiped it off. By this time he had seated himself opposite to me, and was regarding me with fixed attention. I perceived there was no other paper on the table—I offered him mine, and he accepted it. ‘I expect,’ said he, to find something remarkable in this paper, for I perceive it has moved your sensibility’—I blushed and hung down my head.—‘Sensibility is amiable,’ said he, why

why are you ashamed of it? point me out the place, that I may feel too'—I sighed deeply—and he seemed surprised. I cannot, sir, said I, as soon as I could speak—that paper contains nothing remarkable—it was your entrance excited emotions I laboured to conceal. — He laid down the paper—'So young,' said he, 'and yet the child of adversity!—Come my lad, if you cannot point me to an affecting tale in the paper, perhaps you can tell me one of your own.

I am distressed, said I, for want of employment. I am destitute of friends and of money, and in a strange place—I know not what to do. 'What has this to do with my entrance? for you said it was that which excited your emotions—have you ever seen me before?' No, sir, said I, but I have seen and been happy under the care of a father, whose image and likeness you are, and who, if

if near me, would save me from starving—it was this which moved me!

Tears stopped all further utterance—the stranger wept too—when checking himself—‘What do I weep for?’ said he, ‘before I hear your story—tell me, youth—is your father dead?—where did he live?—what was his name?—but stop—who waits here?—Shew us into a room.’ We retired—and he renewed his queries.

He perceived I was embarrassed how to answer him—Poor child, said he, with an encouraging tone of voice, and taking my hand in his, ‘You say I am like your father in person—perhaps you may deserve I should be like him in conduct too?—tell me your story with confidence, I am disposed to serve you if I can.’

I told him my father had sent me there with a letter to a gentleman his former correspondent, requesting him to assist me in settling in that Country—that this gentleman was dead, and his family

family dispersed—that I had sought employment without success.—‘And pray,’ said he, (interrupting me) ‘what induced your father to send you here?—I was again embarrassed—hung down my head and wept. ‘I see, I see, shaking his venerable head, I see you have been a naughty boy—but heaven is merciful to penitents, you seem to be one—tell me, tell me, for I am merciful too—hide nothing from me, what have you done?’

Encouraged by his accent and manner, I related to him, without disguise, the whole of my wicked conduct and its consequences. He was variously agitated in different parts of my story—and plentifully wept over the sorrows of my parents.

When I had finished, I sat silent, my eyes fixed on the floor as they had been through the whole narration—at length I raised them, and saw he was regarding me with fixed attention.—‘Your story,’ said he, ‘has interested me much in your
favour

ANTHONY LEGER. 233

favour—for I believe you have told it ingenuously—you shall go with me—I can employ you, and if I find you worthy, will serve you. My abode is in Maryland: I have a plantation not far from Annapolis—if you answer my expectation, your merit shall be rewarded—you shall say indeed that I am like your father—but if you abuse my goodness—I abandon you for ever.

I kneeled to thank him, and wept my gratitude upon his hand.—He seemed pleased with it, and told me I must now be chearful—I needed not the injunction, my heart was light and merry, and I looked forward once again towards the regions of happiness.

His business compleated at Norfolk, he returned, and I was introduced into the family in some sort of a mixed character, between a child and servant; though I always took care not to forget that the latter properly belonged to me.

me. My master's name was Harris, he was a widower with four children: the two elder were females, the two younger males; all amiable as their parent. Here I was happy, and almost forgot my father's house and my own country.

My master employed me about such things as he thought proper, until time and observation gave me such an insight into his business, that I attended to it without waiting for his orders. Pleased with my diligence and care of his affairs, 'Jacob, said he, 'one day I promised to reward you, if you deserved it, I will fulfil my word; I appoint you my steward, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year, that you may lay up by way of provision for yourself, in case of my death.' So I entered on my new employment with renewed gratitude.

Happiness however, was not to be with me a permanent blessing. In the days
of

of dissipation, I was much attached to the sex in general, but a stranger to any particular attachment to one: and I believe it is impossible in that state of life, for the heart to be susceptible of the tender passion. My time was now come, and I loved, but dared not avow my passion—its object was the charming *Eliza*, the eldest daughter of my benefactor. Our years were equal, our dispositions similar, her beauty, wit, and sweetness of temper, attracted my notice, and too soon insinuated my heart. I was sensible how improper in every point of view, it was for me to indulge a passion for such an object: gratitude and duty forbade my disturbing the repose of such a friend: I struggled with my passion, but could not conquer it! my eyes, my involuntary assiduities, betrayed it first to *Eliza*, and afterwards to some of the domestics—nor was it long before I saw, or thought I saw, that *Eliza* felt something more than

than pity for me—this redoubled my affliction. The bar to our union appeared insuperable, and the thought of her being unhappy, distressed me beyond measure.

Mr. Harris perceived my encreasing gloom and declining health, and frequently enquired the cause—and I as often put him off with pretences of a cold, fatigue, or of thinking of my family. Eliza too was often pensive, she lost much of her vivacity, and her affectionate father became alarmed for her health. Hard was my struggle to forbear declaring my hopeless passion, but I kept my resolution rather to die, than that my benefactor should have cause of complaint.

An officious domestic, who had observed and watched our tell-tale eyes, awakened Mr. Harris to suspect the cause of Eliza's loss of spirits. 'Jacob,' said he, 'you are ungrateful and a traitor.'—Kill me, said I, my *more than father*, rather than

than use such language to one, who would sooner die than voluntarily offend you—What can have caused my best of friends to believe me ungrateful or treacherous? Who are my accusers? let me face them—and if they prove me guilty, let your slaves destroy me by the most excruciating tortures. ‘You are warm Jacob.’ Is it not enough Sir, to warm me, when I am accused to you, my best friend, of such horrid——‘Fair and softly, squire Jacob, I am your accuser—you love Eliza.’ I was confounded, my feet were rivetted to the ground, and power of speech failed me. ‘Has guilt at last struck thee dumb? Are the facts proved already? When shall the slaves begin their operations?’

This keen and taunting language roused me—I threw me at his feet, and said, Let the slaves begin their operations *now*—they can inflict no tortures like those your taunts inflict—yet hear me,

me, best of men, and then judge whether guilt has made me speechless. I love Eliza, and never shall love another—I have struggled with my passion, and cannot conquer it—I appeal to your own heart, if you ever loved, whether that passion be in one's own power?—how you found out my secret I cannot tell, I have told it to none, and had resolved to carry it to my grave.

‘ You have told it to Eliza ! You have seduced her affections ! You have dared to aspire to her without my permission !’ Never, never, never, I cried, almost choaked with emotions—I would sooner die by the tortures of your slaves, than injure *your* peace or *hers*.—To relieve you of your fears that I ever will, send me away to the most distant place of exile—I will go, but recall the epithets of ungrateful and treacherous.

‘ And suppose the love sick-maid should follow you’—Hold I beseech you,
said

said I, wound not my heart by a word reflecting on her delicacy and honour—I have not seduced her affections—have never spoken to her on the subject of love, and were it possible she could bestow a tender thought on me, she can never swerve from the duty she owes her father.”——

C H A P. XXII.

The Story of Mr. Powell, continued.

‘**V**ERY fine indeed, very rhapsodical—why you can both sing the same song, and in the very same key. I am just come from Eliza, and by Jupiter there is not the variation of a single half tone in the whole tune; and by Jupiter I will match you both well for it.’ An ambiguous pleasantry sat on his countenance while he spoke the last words, which provoked me—I rose from my knees, and fixing my eyes on his—And do you believe, said I, that we have acted in concert to deceive you? ‘How else,’ said he, ‘could it be possible your tales should agree so well?’

I am

I am resolved Sir, said I, since I have lost your confidence, to banish myself from your presence—there wanted but this to compleat my wretchedness. ‘Stay young man, be not too rash’—then half smiling, ‘Suppose old Dad, to please his love-sick girl.’—Stop Sir, I beseech you——if you speak thus of Eliza, I shall forget you are *her father* and my *benefactor*—I know you *cannot* with propriety, and therefore *will* not do such a thing: Is it not cruel to insult me with what I never aspired to? I know who and what I *am*, and I remember what I *was*; my passion is involuntary and therefore my unhappiness, but my conduct is in my own power—never since I have been yours has it once reproached me: Farewell, Sir, I will never forget your kindness while I live, nor can I cease to love Eliza.

I was turning from him to go—he caught my arm, saying, ‘No, we part not

yet, I have satisfied myself of all I wanted to know, the sincerity of your passion for Eliza, and your honourable conduct in the management of it—when I took you at first, what you *had* been was no objection with me, I took you as you were; I adopted you into my family, and you have well rewarded me by your fidelity, gratitude and friendship: you have been as a child to me, and I will be a father to you. I take you as you are, regardless of what you were, and my heart justifies to itself the propriety of my conduct.—

You have from this moment my permission to address Eliza as a lover, it will not sink her in your esteem, that she has owned to me a predilection for you, from my first presenting you to her—when she shall consent to fix the time of your union, you will acquaint me with it—you must continue with me for

a while, until I can fettle you to my mind, and hold your office of steward, until my eldest son is able to take it off your hands.'

The grace and benignity with which he pronounced all this, amply atoned for the vexation he had given; me and I rejoiced in my trial, as it had more endeared me to the man I supremely loved. My gratitude surpassed all expression, and I was once again happy.

My Eliza was informed of all that had passed between her father and me, from myself, for so had he commissioned me; and she received me as a lover, sanctioned by paternal authority. Our courtship was short, but our loves had been long and perplexing. All difficulties now were over, the happy day was fixed and came, and with it a permanence of felicity which has continued to the present moment.

We continued two years with Mr. Harris, in which time my Eliza presented me with a son and daughter. About this time, died the person who possessed this estate; he died intestate, and the estate devolved to Mr. Harris as heir at law. His eldest son being now thought capable of conducting the business, we were sent hither, where we have been about seven years, happy in one another, and thankful to God, and to the best of fathers for the many blessings we enjoy."

Leger politely thanked Mr. Powell for the entertainment, and as he was pleased to call it, edification he had received. As he knew what would please, he made many remarks on the providence of God, as interfering in the distresses of his creatures—asserted his belief in that providence, from many occurrences in his own life, and extolled Mr. Powell's piety and virtue in the highest strain of panegyric—but here he had like

to

ANTHONY LEGER. 245

to have overdone it, that good man disliking flattery, gently chid him, and he was wise enough to take the hint and desist.

Though Leger suffered considerably from hearing narratives of lives, through the taciturnity it imposed upon him, he nevertheless sought to hear them, and he sometimes turned them to advantage. By this means he obtained a knowledge of real characters—he learned the peculiar taste of persons, and accommodated himself to it—he found out their weaknesses, which enabled him to impose upon them, for he studied mankind for the laudable purpose of making them his prey.

C H A P. XXIV.

Conversation on the Management of Negroes.

LEGER had one morning been rambling over a neighbouring plantation: when he returned to dinner, he entertained the family with what he had seen and heard, which produced a very interesting conversation, that lasted a considerable time after the cloth was removed, and serves as a proof that there was much of the milk of human kindness in this family.

“I saw a sight, this morning,” said Leger, “which made my blood boil with rage and indignation, a black son of a bitch tied to a post, and lashed until the blood ran down to his hams.” “Well might your blood boil,” said Eliza, interrupting

rupting him, "but such scenes are too common in all the West India Islands. I bless God, that no such horrid punishments are inflicted upon *our* slaves: my Mr. Powell was beloved by all my father's slaves, and is beloved by his own, because he treats them with humanity. I was, as he has told you, attached to him at first sight, but it was his benevolence and humanity to that unhappy part of our species, who differing from us in colour, and in their lot in providence, are treated as if they were inferior to brutes; *that* fixed my affections. I loved my Jacob more because he was good than because he was handsome."

"It may be so, madam," said Leger, "but you quite mistake the cause of my indignation—Mr. Harris and Mr. Powell, may have been peculiarly lucky in their slaves, and in that case a gentler treatment would do—but my indignation was raised at the son of a bitch that

was whipped—curse the fellow, had I been his master I would have flayed him from shoulder to heel”—“Why,” said the amiable Eliza, the tear glistening in her eye “What had the poor wretch done?”—“Done,” said he, “God knows what he had done—I did not enquire—but it was his damned stubbornness that provoked me—why he never uttered a groan nor cry, but ground his teeth at his master, and looked as if his eyes would have darted lightning through him. A dog, if I had the handling of him, I would try to break that stubborn spirit.”

“I fear,” said Mr. Powell, “you would go the wrong way to work, from your account of the matter—that poor son of Afric exhibited the ancient Roman Virtue—I am positive his offence was trifling, and the greatness of his mind felt the injustice and indignity that was offered him in such a punishment—a base mind is generally clamourous in suffering

suffering, and crouching in adversity—this fellow, you say, scorned to cry or groan, and flashed indignation with his eyes—God only knows what this greatness of spirit may produce! if his fellow slaves should have the same sentiments of his tyrant he seems to have himself, I shall not be surprised to hear of a rising among them, and perhaps the murder of the tyrant and his family.”

“And pray what would you do with such a daring turbulent spirit?” said Leger—“I know nothing of his turbulence,” said Mr. Powell, “I even suspect a dignity of mind in suffering, like his, incapable of it, unless roused by a sense of the greatest injuries—you ask what I would do with such a slave—I answer, I would treat him like a man, and not worse than a dog. His eyes then instead of flashing lightning, would beam affection. While my conduct convinced him, I thought him nothing worse than my servant, his own good

sense would lead him to think me nothing less than his master."

"Curse on the crew," said Leger, "their blood is as black as their faces, and their dispositions as black as both. They cannot bear indulgence, and must be kept under by terror, or they would soon cut their masters throats." "No doubt," said Mr. Powell, "their hearts as naturally revolt at a state of slavery, as yours or mine would do, but if you suppose that terror will subdue the spirit of vengeance in them, or that they are incapable of gratitude for proper treatment, you are much mistaken. I am a master of slaves myself, and know something of the matter by experience. They are beings of as good understandings—as acute feelings—and of as tender affections as ourselves; and differ from us in nothing but colour and want of cultivation. Perhaps in the last article they have the advantage of us, as their
native

native innocence and good dispositions have never been spoiled by a wrong education—their passions all flow in natural channels—love and gratitude is the return they make for kindness received, and hatred and revenge for injuries. As you suppose I have been peculiarly lucky in my slaves, I shall say nothing about myself or them, but will give you a couple of anecdotes I have met with, to which I give full credit.”

“Sir,” said Leger, (seeing which way the wind blew) “I must confess that my prejudice against the blacks, is not from a knowledge of them myself, but from the report of many captains and traders to the West-Indies; who one and all affirm the dispositions of the Negroes, to be stubborn, sordid, stupid, lazy and malevolent; and that without the severest treatment they could not be managed. I am obliged to you for endeavouring to set me right, and shall be glad of your anecdotes.”

“The

“The story I am going to relate” said Mr. Powell, “I met with some years ago in the Jamaica Magazine, and is to the following purport — A Gentleman of that Island, who had many negroes, had for his Overseer, a man of humanity and prudence—he treated the slaves as beings of the same order with himself, though inferior in situation of life.—He never punished where rebuke or expostulation would keep them to their duty—and when punishment was incurred through some great fault, as among such a number of slaves, faults will arise; he shewed a deep regret at being obliged to punish—and if the offender seemed sorry for his fault, would mitigate the punishment, or entirely remit it—he laid no more upon them in labour than they were able to do—when sick, he saw that they were taken care of—he heard their complaints with patience, and would judge between them in their little quarrels and bickerings among themselves.

The

The consequence was, that good order reigned through the Plantation, and the business of it was conducted with as much ease as the business of a common farm.

The master was a man of pleasure—he left the management of the Plantation solely to his Overseer—he met with nothing in his affairs to interrupt his pleasures, or to vex his mind.—If at any time he rode about the Plantation, he saw all was in order, and felt himself fully satisfied with his Overseer's conduct—but when he met with his brother planters at their places of conviviality and recreation, he was constantly pestered with complaints, that his Overseer spoiled his slaves by his method of treatment—that he would ruin all the slaves in the Island—that theirs murmured because they were not treated in the same manner—that severity was necessary, or the dogs would rise and cut all their throats.

Tired

Tired with remonstrances, he expostulated with his Steward, and insisted on an alteration for the sake of his own peace abroad.—The Steward as warmly defended his plan, and refused to alter it. Arguments like yours, Mr. Leger, were urged for the necessity of severity in point of security—and the Steward undertook to refute them by matter of fact.

It was agreed to put the matter to this issue.—The Overseer was to be accused, and seemingly convicted of some crime, for which he was to suffer death upon the Plantation. The news was spread among the slaves, they were greatly affected by it, but entertained strong hopes from the merit of the man, that the sentence would not be executed—however the day came—the negroes were assembled—the supposed culprit brought forth to execution—and the seemingly inexorable master was present, as if to glut his eyes with vengeance. They no sooner saw him appear, than they

ANTHONY LEGER. 255

they rent the air with their cries— men, women and children, rolled themselves in the dust, and howled, as if some dreadful calamity had befallen them—and so indeed they esteemed it—they called him their *father*, and the *good man*—and lamented him with unfeigned sorrow.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIV.

*Conversation on the Management of Negroes,
continued.*

“THE sad procession reached the tree, and preparation was made for the execution—when an aged man rushed from among the slaves, and in an agony of distress, threw him at the master’s feet—crying—“Me will be hang for him—he sava me from be whip—me will be hang”—The eager affection with which the old man preferred his petition overcame the master’s feelings and completed his conviction; he pretended to pardon the Overseer in compliance with the wishes of the Negroes, and as a reward for their affection to him, he would restore him to his office.

H

If the grief of these poor creatures was before excessive, their joy now was little short of madness—they leaped—they danced—they shouted—they sung—they rolled themselves again for extacy, in the dust, as they had done before with sorrow—when their raptures a little subsided, they conducted their master, and their recovered friend back to the house with every mark of savage triumph they were capable of shewing. Thus ends my first story. The magazine was not so good as to inform me if any change for the better was produced in other Plantations.

The other anecdote I had from a newspaper. A Planter in Jamaica, who held and practised the doctrine of severity—had one day maltreated a poor Negro to such a degree that the unhappy wretch resolved on a severe revenge.—The Planter had two children, these happened to be left alone in the house—the Negro was aware of it, and entering the house, barricaded

barricaded himself in—then taking the children to the top of the house waited his master's return—when he approached the door, the Negro took up one of the children to throw it down—the unhappy father entreated him to forbear, but he regardless of entreaty dashed it down at his feet dead. He took up the other, the Planter frantic with grief, kneeled and prayed him to pity his child. ‘Pity!’ said the Negro, tauntingly, ‘you no pity me! --you be cruel! you no pity, I no pity!’ ---and down he dashed the other, and followed it himself, ending his miserable life with his revenge.”

“I am corrected,” said Leger, “your anecdotes contain nothing but what is natural---I believe Europeans in similar situations would fall much short of these genuine effusions of uncultivated nature. I see, I have been mislead, and that the untowardness of these people so much complained of, arises from resentment for bad treatment. But one thing yet
stumbles

stumbles me; if these Africans are not cruel by disposition, how is it that they sell one another for slaves? I have been informed, that they will kidnap one another—that husbands will sell their wives—parents their children—brothers their brothers and sisters.”——

“Let it be remembered,” said Mr. Powell, “that the barbarous custom of selling slaves, is not peculiar to African nations, nor do we know it originated with them—the most polished nations of antiquity, enslaved the captives taken in war, and we have never thought of stigmatising them with the epithets of savage and cruel upon that account—however we condemn the injustice of it, we consider it as a custom, which obtained from false notions of the rights of war, and which a too natural covetousness of gain has established—as to the Africans, we ought to be silent about their conduct, while we purchase their cap-

captives of them, and perhaps excite wars among them to encrease the number.

I have heard also such horrid stories of relatives selling one another—from what I have seen of their natural affection, I must suppose such occurrences very rare—I should wholly disbelieve them, did I not know that there are whites, capable of the blackest deeds, and who if not prohibited by law, would equal the Africans in the shocking traffic.”

“What are your thoughts,” said Leger, “concerning their emancipation? I am informed, there has been a considerable stir in America upon that subject. I know, as a lawyer, that the laws of England know nothing about slavery, and that within the realm every man is free, be he an African, or of any nation under the sun. So that it seems to me that the framers of our English constitution, conceived freedom to be the right of every man. What the conceptions of the
the

the Americans and West Indians are upon this subject, you best know, and I should be glad to be informed."

"Opinions differ very much," said Mr. Powell, "because men consider the subject in different points of view. I for my part, will freely give you my opinion and leave those of other persons alone. I consider freedom, as the native right of every human being; and slavery, as a very great evil. Servants are a necessary class of society, but they should be servants by their own consent and covenant: in that case, so much of their freedom as they part with, they receive a stipulated value for, and their freedom returns to them at an appointed time: but no man has a right to bring another into bondage, and compel him to serve against his will.

Perhaps you will tell me, there is an inconsistency between my doctrine and practice—I feel the force of the objection, and am persuaded, that it is much more
easy

easy to prove the former, than to form a suitable apology for the latter. I will however attempt the best I can, and submit it to your correction.

My apology for my own conduct is this, I buy slaves to cultivate my Plantation, because I cannot get it cultivated any other way: it is impossible for me, an individual, to make any alteration in the police of this Island, much less of any other place where slavery is established both by custom and law: such alteration must be made by the government itself—was I an individual to emancipate my slaves, I should certainly only restore to them that liberty to which they have a natural right, this, with respect to them would be an act of justice.

But what are the consequences which would flow from hence? Why to myself it would be an act of injustice; to my family both injustice and cruelty—because I must emancipate them without a
valuable

valuable consideration for that property which they cost me—and when I have done so, where am I to procure hands to cultivate my land, and manage the business of my Plantation? I should by such an act, sacrifice my present property, and divest myself of the means of acquiring more. If *they* have a natural right to liberty, I have a legal right to my property, and until some means can be found out to ballance that account betwixt us, which I think can only be by an act of government, I must content myself with making their slavery as light and happy as I can.

Again, I am not satisfied that in exercising my own private right of giving liberty to my slaves, I should not do a public wrong: such a conduct would produce complaints and murmurings through all the Plantations in the Island, perhaps insurrections and massacres: at best, it would be an arrogant forestalling of legislation, the channel in which
their

their liberty ought to come, in order to be a real blessing to them.

This is the best apology I can make for my own conduct, and these are the principles upon which I act. I should rejoice in the total abolition of slavery, but for me to make a partial abolition of it, by granting freedom to my slaves, and refraining from future purchases, would be doing more evil than good. I think it best therefore to continue in the common course, and wait, until the wisdom of government shall see fit to make the desired alteration

Circumstanced as matters are, I have this consolation, that in the purchases I make, I redeem poor wretches from distress and misery, and, though in the form of slavery, confer upon them the real blessings of life. If not purchased by me, they would be purchased by others, and perhaps fall into the hands of the cruel—the unhappy condition of many hundreds.”

“ Sir,”

“ Sir,” said Leger, “ I am satisfied with your apology, and admire your prudence and humanity. May you and your dear Eliza, long live to scatter blessings on the miserable: and be assured when I am absent from you, I shall not only remember with gratitude your kind hospitality to me, but shall also recollect your many virtues, and endeavour to copy them.”

C H A P. XXV.

*Insurrection of the Negroes—Peril of
Mrs. Powell.*

AN event happened soon after this discourse, which verified Mr. Powell's doctrine concerning the consequences of well, or ill treating slaves: and the good man reaped the fruit of his goodness.

Two of the neighbouring Planters, who each of them kept a large number of slaves, were as remarkable for their brutality and barbarity, as Mr. Powell was for his kindness and humanity: they punished with **severity** for the most trifling faults, and were ingenious in the invention of new and varied tortures for that purpose. These wretched tyrants beheld

held with their own eyes, the execution of their horrid sentences, and in the wantonness of cruelty, mocked and derided the unhappy sufferers, while they writhed and groaned with excruciating pains.

Brutal as well as cruel, their female slaves, were the subjects of their lusts: wives, as well as single women, were obliged to submit to their lawless desires; while the irritated and injured husbands, dared not complain for fear of punishment; but contented themselves with cursing the tyrants in secret.

Dignity and delicacy of mind, are not confined to complexion; the sooty African, may have as nice a sense of honour, and be as susceptible of chaste connubial love, as the conceited whites who despise them. Abrada, was the son of a man of power and affluence in his own country, and had been suitably educated: he possessed good natural

parts, and was of an excellent and engaging disposition: the misfortunes of war, had subjected him to captivity at the age of fifteen, and it was his hard lot to serve one of these tyrants.

Though as sensible as any man of the blessings of liberty, he bore the hardship of his situation, with the patience and serenity of a philosopher, and endeavoured to soften the ills of a life of slavery, from his own innate fund of good sense: he exhorted his fellow-sufferers, to be patient and obedient, though they were ill used; and assured them, the good Being would reward them in another life: he invented sports and recreations for them, and was the life and soul of mirth and good humour among them, insomuch, that he was greatly beloved and esteemed of all.

Annobee was also a captive of war, from the same nation with Abrada, though several years after him: they were nearly of an age, which was about twenty four.

Anno-

Annobee, was prudent, modest, and of a sweet temper, and her features and form for an African, were beautiful. Immediately on her arrival at the Plantation, Abrada knew by her language that she was his country woman; he felt for her the affection of a brother, and took her under his protection, and she in return felt for him the kindness of a sister.

Abrada bestowed most of his company and conversation, on his adopted sister: he taught her to speak English, which she learned with great facility, as she did every thing besides, relative to her state of servitude, for Abrada was her preceptor in all. Fraternal affection ripened into love, a natural consequence of the similarity of their dispositions, and mutual admiration of each others good qualities. They agreed to soften the hardships of slavery, by the endearment of the connubial state, and were accordingly married, with the ceremonies of their native country.

When the monster their master heard of the wedding, he determined to have the first enjoyment of Annobee, and sent for her into the house, as if for some kind of business to be done by her: she obeyed, but when he made his odious proposal, Abrada rose up in her soul, and she repulsed the wretch with indignation. Provoked at her refusal, he severely chastised her with a cane, and then forcibly robbed her of her virgin chastity.

Abrada and his companions were merrily celebrating the wedding, with songs and dances, while they waited the return of Annobee; but what was their surprize, when they saw her with her clothes torn and disordered, her eyes streaming with tears, wringing her hands, and uttering the most dreadful imprecations on their tyrant: they waited with impatience to know the cause, and as soon as rage and grief would permit, she told the story of her violation.

In

In a moment, all was noise and clamour, and every tongue but Abrada's, joined to curse the ravisher. He was mute for a while with grief and indignation; at last, roused like a lion of his native woods, he thus addressed them, "Why sit we here, tamely cursing, when we ought to revenge? slaves who can suffer such insulting barbarity to pass with execrations only, are execrable themselves—rise, my brothers, and shew yourselves men—destroy the tyrant—assert your liberty—if not—I and Annobee ourselves, will go and revenge our injuries, though we perish in the attempt."

He waited not for reply, but taking Annobee by the hand, walked in fullen majesty towards the house: the slaves one and all, roused by his speech and conduct, rose and followed them. Abrada and Annobee, entered without ceremony the room, where the master was sitting drinking coffee; a sword was

lying by him on the table, as if he expected the resentment of the injured Abrada. The rest of the slaves waited without the room by Abrada's command.

"Dog! damned dog!" said Abrada, lightning flashing from his eyes, and thunder roaring in his voice, "Does the difference of our complexions and situations, make it lawful for you to wrong a husband? Annobee is my wife, you knew it too, and have robbed me of the first fruits of my love. May the good Being who hears my vows, cut me off from the good lot of my fathers, and give me up to miseries greater than I now feel, if I quit you, until your blood has washed away this stain upon my honour."

"Insolent scoundrel," said the master, "Do you insult? Do you threaten? Are you not all my cattle? Have I not a right to do as I please?" "No," said Abrada, "If we were your cattle, you have

have no such right—but we are not cattle, we are your fellow creatures, and equally children of the great Being. I will teach you this, unarmed as I am, without any thing but my vengeance: I will teach you this, dog as you are, by tearing you in pieces.”

Abrada was furiously advancing to put his threat in execution, when the master, snatching up the sword, made a pass at him: Annobee, too nimble for him, rushed between them, and received the sword through her body: she fell in such a direction, as plucked the sword from his hand, which Abrada perceiving, immediately seized it, and drawing it out of the body of his murdered bride; “Now dog,” said he, “is my turn.” He stamped with his foot, and the slaves entered: he ordered them to guard the door, and with a sarcastic smile, told them, they should see Master dance to a new tune.

The Tyrant now saw his situation was desperate, he had recourse to supplications, prayers, and promises; and begged his life with the most abject meanness. Abrada answered not, but by pointing to the body of Annobee. When he had enjoyed his humiliation long enough, he began to pierce him with the sword, pursuing him round the room, and piercing him with wound after wound, carefully avoiding the mortal parts. His cries and groans, afforded unspeakable diversion to the slaves: "Masser cry," said they, "Masser no mind when black man cry, now masser know what black men feel." The dying Annobee lifted up her languid eyes, and seemed to enjoy the vengeance of her husband; and when she saw the tyrant full exhausted, by the loss of blood and spirits, she smiled and expired without a groan.

All the white people in the house had fled for their own safety, and to give the
alarm

alarm to raise the Militia of the Island. Abrada and his companions buried the body of Annobee, and entered into a solemn compact over her grave, to stand or fall together. Abrada was elected their leader, at whose command they pillaged the house, and then fired it over their yet living master.

They dispatched messengers to the next Plantation, where a tyrant also reigned; to inform them what was done, and to invite them to the confederacy; assuring them, that they would liberate every Black in the Island. The alarm was become general, through those who fled at the beginning of the insurrection: and this tyrant expecting the revolt of his slaves also, fled with his family to a place of safety. His slaves joined the confederacy, which was now formidable; but as they did not think themselves a match for the Militia, which
was

was now coming against them, they withdrew to the mountains, and formed an alliance with the native Carribees, who mortally hated the English.

A message was sent from the mountains to Mr. Powell's Plantation, demanding the freedom of all his negroes. Leger advised to call in the Militia, and put them all to the sword, but Mr. Powell's humanity would not hearken to it. He assembled all his slaves, and addressed them in a pathetic and affectionate speech—he reasoned with them on the evils of the insurrection, and the mischiefs it would bring on the insurgents themselves: He told them, that nevertheless, if they wished to join the confederacy, he gave them leave to depart, and to take with them from the stores, such things as they wanted; adding withal, that such had been his conduct as a master, that he looked upon himself

himself to be entitled to their friendship and protection.

They one and all assured him, "That they no join black men, black men had bad massers—he good masser—they would fight for him if black men come to hurt him." Pleased with their fidelity, he gave them a little treat, and when their hearts were merry, they sent back the messenger to the mountains, and bid the confederates defiance. Provoked by this answer, the confederates, whose number was encreased, descended from the mountains, to attack Mr. Powell's plantation; while he, aware of their movements, prepared to receive them. He gave notice to the Militia to come to his assistance, and sent to the superintendant of the Island for arms, to arm his blacks: thus prepared, he waited the approach of the enemy.

This little band of Mr. Powell's, was not however all faithful: two young fellows,

fellows, named Robert, and Jenkin, favourite negroes, and for that reason, employed about the house, had a strong inclination to join the insurgents; but they had formed a diabolical scheme, which they waited to accomplish before their elopement.

They had both of them, looked upon Eliza with lustful eyes, and as they were fast friends, had communicated their thoughts to one another. As they could not have the shadow of a hope to enjoy her, but by force, they agreed, when the insurgents attacked the plantation, to take advantage of the bustle, and perpetrate their crime.

When news came that the insurgents were near, Mr. Powell divided his little army into two bands: the command of one he gave to Leger, and the other he commanded himself. He left the care of the house, to the two villains, and
marched

marched to join the Militia, who were come to their assistance.

The insurgents came—the battle began—the shouts of the contending parties reached the house—the female servants ran to an eminence, that they might see the conflict—the villains embraced the opportunity—they seized—gagged, and bound Eliza—then locking up the children in a room, they forced her away with them.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



